

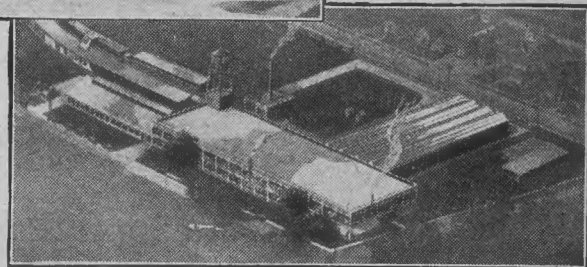
Canada Prefers —the Canadian-Built Chrysler



—now made largely of Canadian materials, by Canadian craftsmen, in Canadian plants



Today the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, operates two plants at Windsor, Ont.—(1) the chassis manufacturing plant shown below and (2) the body building plant at left.



IT is natural that Canadians should prefer the Canadian-built Chrysler, when this car gives such unmistakable evidences of quality and value not to be found in other cars of its price-class.

From the very outset, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, has insisted upon the employment of Canadian craftsmen and the use of Canadian materials, wherever possible, in manufacture.

The Canadian people's recognition of the many obvious superiorities of the Chrysler—resulting in its unprecedented production increase of 491% in 3 years—has been of splendid assistance in realizing this ambition to build a thoroughly Canadian Chrysler.

To this end, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, has not only enlarged its own factories in Windsor, Ont., but has also been the direct reason for enlarging many scores of factories that produce materials, parts and equipment, thus becoming an important factor in Canada's industrial progress.

The Chrysler cars built today in the two great Chrysler factories at Windsor, Ont., are thus built very largely of Canadian materials—ores from Canadian mines, lumber from Canadian forests, fabrics from Canadian mills, and metal stampings, forgings, castings and other parts too numerous for mention, coming from Canadian sources and benefiting Canadian workers.

For the widespread public favor which is responsible for its ascendancy, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, is deeply appreciative—and proud of the privilege to assist in developing the industries of the Dominion.

You are cordially invited to ride in and drive the Canadian-built Chrysler—to learn for yourself why Canadians rate it beyond comparison in new features and in every element that determines real motor-car value.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

Chrysler "50"
\$1045 to \$1220

Chrysler "62"
\$1505 to \$1835

Chrysler "70"
\$2010 to \$2590

Chrysler Imperial "80"
\$3635 to \$5225

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added) including all taxes and complete equipment

CHRYSLER



THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS

*Through a great new
companion invention to
the famous Super-Six
principle*



HUDSON excels HUDSON *itself*

*A new high compression anti-knock motor
that turns waste heat to power*

With the Super-Six principle, the new invention combines the highest efficiency in power, smoothness and long motor life ever achieved within our knowledge.

The released Super-Six principle converts to useful power, energy that in other types is lost in vibration.

This new companion invention adds a further step in efficiency by actually converting hitherto wasted heat into useful power.

Ends Spark Knock

In all previous types of automobile motors a high percentage of the power of the fuels is lost in heat thrown away in the exhaust and cooling waters.

The new Hudson motor gives the snap and performance of the high compression type without sacrifice of flexibility and smoothness.

Spark knock is positively prevented. Regular gasoline gives the performance sought, in other types, through the use of special and costly fuels. The cold motor starts with the same snap you get from other types in midsummer. You don't have to wait for your motor to sputter while it warms up.

Saves Fuel—Increases Performance

Oil dilution is ended, greater power and speed and fuel economy are obtained.

Every phase of performance is brilliantly better. These two Hudson inventions give a performance and reliability supremacy that are immediately and continuously apparent whether you drive your Hudson a city block or a hundred thousand miles.

*Application Has Been Made for Patents Covering the Principle by Which
These Results are Accomplished*

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EDITORIAL

The Jubilee

THROUGHOUT all Canada and notably in Western Canada the Jubilee celebrations were more enthusiastic and impressive than the most ardent lover of the Dominion could have hoped for. Among the features of interest were the floats which marked the marvellous progress of the sixty years, the community singing of national airs, and the wonderful co-operation of those born under other suns, but who have by choice and faithful loyalty made themselves true Canadians.

The Federal authorities are to be congratulated upon the success of the broadcasting service from Parliament Hill. The feeling in everybody's heart as the bells rang out to the world the Canadian National Anthem was that the Dominion is now established among the nations of the Earth—no longer merely a daughter in her mother's house, but mistress of her own.

Music in Canada

THE Jubilee celebration illustrated the great part music plays in life, and it pointed the way to new methods and new emphasis if we are to make full use of the art in developing national consciousness. There are three or four possibilities all of them, which without serious effort may be realized with great advantage to the Dominion.

In the first place more can be made of the singing of our own national songs. There are only two or three national songs that in majesty can compare with *O Canada*, and young and old may easily join together in singing it. Nor should occasion ever be lost to sing "*Land of Hope and Glory*"—a song that will kindle enthusiasm in the dullest breast.

Next in our festivals and at our concerts we can encourage local talent. Even if it cannot give us the finished production of professional musicians it will add something that should never be ignored in any community. The best in every line of effort should be encouraged. The musical festivals held in Western Canada and which, in the opinion of adjudicators, are equal to any held anywhere, have had the effect of arousing interest and developing appreciation in good music. Moreover, they have led to creative effort which represents the highest ability in musical art.

Recently a teacher in a day-school gave an illustration of a programme in which songs, instrumental music, poetry, art, costumes and even dramatic production were wholly the work of the pupils. True, it may not have been the highest, but what an incentive it was, and what a help to appreciation of the best that the world has produced!

Again, the national songs—Icelandic, Ruthenian, Russian, Norwegian, French and the like may be encouraged. It is wonderful what these people from Europe can contribute in song. This is particularly true of the first three. All their love for music should be capitalized in building up a strong musical atmosphere right in our midst, so that singing and playing will in time become second nature to us. Why should we grow up as listeners only, when we might strengthen our own souls and bless the world by productive effort?

This leads to a last suggestion: Why can we not revive and encourage people to sing and play some of the good old-time music that has warmed hearts through the centuries? Really this imported tin-pan jerky and so-called "peppy, jazzy" stuff is becoming a national menace. In the times of Greece, Plato protested against the introduction of a new musical instrument into the orchestra pointing out that it would inevitably lead to revolution. And he was right. Yet Plato never heard a saxophone, or he would have died from heart failure. There is, of course, something of merit in the well-marked rhythm of the modern two-steps and fox-trots, but the after-effect of listening to them for a whole evening is anything but wholesome. Really it is restful, after an evening of torture to be soaced by the sweet strains of some old-fashioned melody. Too much cannot be said in praise of the

three or four good orchestras that are united with the broadcasting services in Canada, and too much cannot be said in condemnation of those cheap Tango Blues, Nevada Blues, Milwaukee Blues and the like that set the teeth on edge.

There is a marvellous possibility for musical development right here in Canada if we make good use of our opportunity. Only, let us not hold ourselves too cheaply. Let us not be satisfied with the cheap baubles that come to us in the form of latest catches. Life is too valuable to be thrown away.

Liquor Laws

SINCE our last issue two provinces have pronounced themselves on the sale of liquor. Prince Edward Island sprang a surprise by demonstrating to the premier that he put his money on the wrong horse, when he anticipated that the electors would follow Ontario in its liquor policy. It is a great thing to find that the people of a small province have a mind of their own.

In Manitoba things are said to have been so unsatisfactory with bootlegging and failure to enforce law and with drinking in private homes, and with beer available to the wealthy but not available for the poor, that the vote has been in favor of beer-rooms under control of the government. Yet maybe this will be no remedy, for it is said that in British Columbia and Alberta things are infinitely worse than they were ever dreamed of in Manitoba. This may, of course, be only wild talk. Anyway, Manitoba is to have a try at the beer-room. Evidently Canada has yet to work out a programme suited to its needs and conditions, and the end is not yet. In the meantime parents had better watch their children.

Education

ONE of the sanest pronouncements on education that has been made for some time has been made by Joseph Collins in "*The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*," and we commend it to the man who has never had a chance to go to college, and to the man who has been there but who has got little out of it.

"Everyone may acquire education if he makes proper use of his leisure time. Education, like all other training, is an active and positive agent in the formation of character. Real education is not that which is gleaned from text-books and garnered from attending lectures. It is an individual process and the preparation of the soil must be that which teaches the individual to desire education.

Any intelligent youth who for four years will read intently and industriously any leading newspaper, and follow the leads that its news and editorial content suggest, will be better educated than the majority of college graduates, and his education will stand him in better stead materially and ideally. He will have an insight of government, science, religion and literature and a grasp of the essentials of citizenship. If he satisfies the appetite which such reading develops, by diligent devotion to authoritative books, he will be conspicuous amongst his fellows for information and erudition, and he will have laid the foundation upon which to erect any technical knowledge that he must have to gain a livelihood or to appease his research urge.

"Youth should be taught how to shoot, swim, play games, drive motors, and other things that make them strong, sensitive and sympathetic, but they should also be taught many other things, amongst which, how to read the newspapers and to profit by it, is important if we are seeking development of their intelligence. There is no avenue of education that is so studiously neglected. Worth-while education is to be obtained readily and directly from newspapers supplemented by libraries. I do not know how youth is to be inducted into newspaper reading, but it should be easy to find out."

Youth

WE HEAR complaints about youth. Let us be just. There are here three classes—those who were up in years during the war, those who were young enough and yet old enough to take active part in the war, and those who are now between 17 and 30 and who dimly remember the war. Now with regard to the second group, can anyone have but one word to say? The best years of their lives they gave to fighting for our liberation. They lost natural opportunities for business promotion and found, many of them, that they could not go back where they were before. Nothing but gratitude can we have for these. They cannot see life as their elders see it, because it has necessarily been different. As for the younger set, were they not forced during the years of adolescence to take upon their shoulders the burdens of men and women, and can they not be excused if they try to experience now the joys they missed during 1914-1918?

True, some, in the words of the Gloomy Dean, wish to have "a mildly good time, loafing, dancing, play-going and philandering," but they have old heads on their young bodies. They are not to blame because their development has been unnatural.

Youth, then, in 1927, is different from youth before the War. On this account it is not less worthy. The office of older people is not to sit in condemnation of the younger, but to adapt themselves to changed conditions. This will affect life in the social, the industrial, and the religious world. We cannot put old wine into new bottles without disaster. Let us take young people as we find them and rejoice that they are capable of meeting the unknown with a cheer. Their optimism and courage will carry them through if they are permitted to develop in their own way, but it is impossible to mould them after ancient models.

Canada's Financial Position

LET us look at things in the large. Canada's national debt is \$2,353,000,000 or \$261 per capita; England's debt is \$833 per capita and the debt of the United States is \$176. Canada is paying off \$26,500,000 a year and at that rate will be clear in 20 or 30 years of all that was incurred for war expenditures and national development. Let us not be discouraged. Things are coming along beautifully. We have the greatest and best country under the sun. Let us face our own problem and solve it in our own way, but let us not waste our heritage.

We quote the words of Premier Howard G. H. Ferguson of Ontario in our July issue:

"A survey of the past makes it obvious that our development is destined to continue along fairly equalized lines in industrialism and agriculture. In both these fields of essential production, hazardous attempts will perhaps be made to accomplish some scheme by which one class may be enabled to benefit at the expense of another. We have our continuing balance of influence as between industrialism and agriculture, and we have also a native Canadian insight into the complex problems of self-government. But in maintaining the principles of British Democracy, we have the clearest dictates of national interest laid down for our advantage in the Confederation compact, and all these factors should help us in satisfactorily solving every difficulty likely to arise in a new country founded upon mutual confidence and co-operation."

Perhaps Canada's greatest need at the moment is a closer commercial unity between the various provinces and a closer unity of spirit between all its people. The pure patriotic faith of all who inhabit this land will be all-sufficient to overcome and triumph over such difficulties as will present themselves through the coming years.

Such a striking change in her beauty and manner forced me to be inquisitive



.. then I learned her
"Thrice-a-day" Secret.

IT WAS GLOWING health that improved her so! She had found the secret of keeping fit—and oh! how simple it was!

Just the addition of a daily, corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple added element in your food that helps to keep you brimful of life and energy.

The new living health-food

In every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast there are millions upon millions of tiny living plants grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. The elements in these tiny plants stimulate the natural processes by which your system throws off impurities.

Your skin becomes fresh, healthy, beautiful. Your eyes clear. Your tired feeling vanishes; digestion improves; food has a new zest.

Thousands of healthy Canadians keep fit with Fleischmann's Yeast. This famous health food will aid you, too. You can get it, fresh, at your grocer's.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Dept. MC 087, The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ontario.



"A YEAR AGO last June while trying my examinations at High School, my face broke out in a terrible rash. Mother was worried as to what to do about my face. My father was taking yeast at that time and mother thought it would help me. I took two yeast cakes a day and in a short time the rash disappeared. I would highly recommend yeast to anyone in a run-down condition or to anyone troubled with skin disorders."

ADELENE BOND, Toronto, Ont.



"FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS I suffered with indigestion and gas on the stomach. This was not only very troublesome to me but a great handicap during the rowing season, as I am a member of a boat crew in Halifax. I read about Fleischmann's Yeast in the newspapers, and decided to try it. I have been taking three cakes a day, one before each meal, for several months now and find my indigestion has left me. I row every evening and find that I have a great deal more strength than I had before. I sleep soundly, and my entire health is so much improved that I have started giving Fleischmann's Yeast to both my children as I believe that it will undoubtedly benefit them also."

HAROLD O'GRADY, Halifax, Can.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada.

What it could mean to you

You would admit at once that daily use of a dentifrice is an important health habit. For general health, the system must be kept clean and active. The daily use of Fleischmann's



Yeast is as important for your whole system as the daily cleansing is for your teeth.

The new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or salted in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY



When he came back they were broiling chops held on long sticks over a fire, business like and content, too used to it to make it an event.

CHRISTOPHER COLLESTON sat alone in a dim room, lit only by a glimmer from the street. In the room overhead his wife lay between life and death.

Weeks ago the baby had come and gone, a little white candle that was never lighted. Since then there had been operations, fevers, complications of every kind; nurses for night and for day; the doctor at any hour; and a consulting specialist; and Mary lying prostrate in the middle of it all, unnoticed and uncaring.

"We are doing everything we can," the doctor kept assuring Christopher. He had said it just now on his way upstairs, but he had dropped his heartiness, the cheer that fell like a clap on a reluctant shoulder. "Don't give up hope," was the best he could offer. Tonight Christopher knew without being told that Mary might go before morning. Well? If she did?

He shrank from the question, turning to pictures of their past in an instinctive groping for warmth. It was such a brief past, not much more than a year long. There was his first real sight of Mary, as distinct from her confusing family; she sat in a rocking-chair on the creaky verandah, festoons of pink passion flowers dripping behind her, one of the small brothers lying limp, pored over her, rosy face upturned, and they were whispering secrets with bursts of laughter. They were scarcely aware of him—the sick gentleman who had come out from the East to get well, and who was as yet only a neutral shadow in their brightly colored lives.

Color—that was the lasting impression in the Cray home. Color lay thick on the garden, climbed the walls, glowed in the faces and the old cotton frocks and the haphazard furnishings. Autumnal color for Mary, dusky red, brook brown, a sunny sense of harvest and ripe apples; Dodo, the next girl, was auburn and blue and pink; one little boy was brick-red, the other duckling-blond, and Mrs. Cray was black and brown, with a scarlet shawl over one shoulder—and a deep voice like a man's. Mr. Cray, a painter, was mysteriously "away." He must have been away for several years, for in his studio at the foot of the garden Mrs. Cray had set up a cheerful little school that took in all her own family, as teachers or pupils, and a dozen children from up and down the valley. A noisy little school, Christopher thought it, strolling past.

They were noisy. And how they picniced! Every fresh beauty of weather seemed to demand that they eat the next meal out-of-doors. At first Christopher had refused. Then, realizing that someone had been kept at home to provide his meal, he

The Judgment Day

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrated by C. R. Chickering

PART ONE

had reluctantly gone with them in the rattling remains of a car that must have stayed together out of sheer good nature. Mary drove it with tact and understanding; on grades the whole family swayed forward in unison to help it up. Of course they had a name for it—Harriet. Christopher disliked people who named their cars.

The picnic place, when they had time to go so far—for they would picnic in the garden on short notice—was a redwood grove. The first time a man stands among redwoods, he is split open to the depths, no matter how tight his shell. Their solemn aisles lead him straight to his God. Christopher, admitting a First Cause, walked away by himself between the mighty pillars in the holy twilight, his thoughts lifted to new levels, the new health in his veins beginning to sing. When he came back, they were all broiling chops held on long sticks over a fire, businesslike and content, too used to it to make it an event. That was his second clear vision of Mary, outlined against the flames: long, amply built, with a gipsy grace, and so unaware of him that his mood dropped sharply to irritation. He took the plate they gave him, with a chip and a sooty potato, and stood looking about with a slight frown, a neat, precise, spare figure, sandy hair always stiffly smooth, sandy moustache smartly clipped, stick and gloves held in one hand.

"Where do I sit?" he asked.

There was a burst of laughter. The little boys quite rolled over backward with laughter, their chops dangling, and Mrs. Cray's deep note sounded like a male comment. Mary tried to subdue them, but she was dangerously a-gleam, too. He had intended a rebuke for bringing him away from civilized comforts, but their amusement seemed to turn the rebuke against himself. So, imperturbably smiling, he let himself down on the springy couch

of redwood needles and concealed the fact that he coldly resented being laughed at.

Mary thought that they had been rude, so she turned to him, gave him at last her whole attention.

"Tell me more about Ned Brewer," she began. "How is he getting on?"

When the doctor had demanded that Christopher go as far from his work as the continent permitted, Ned Brewer had sent him to the Crays.

"They will make you well," he had said, a homesick forlornness in his voice. "And they'll be glad of the money." There was evidently something amusing in the poverty of the Crays. "Cray—short for crazy," he said resignedly.

"Ned is going—well," Christopher admitted in his careful way. "He is faithful; one can depend on him. So far as I know," his accuracy made him add.

"Oh, yes!" Mary was ardent for praises of Ned. "And he is very clever, you know."

"Evidently I know it, for I have left him in charge of the office," he smiled at her, mature thirties amused at young twenties, but he was surprisingly disturbed by her interest in his clerk. Something competitive rose up within him. It had been his fixed decision that he must have at least a hundred thousand dollars laid by before he took a marrying interest in a woman. He would have had it long ago but for the war, which had knocked out real estate. But now it was beginning to revive, and he would soon have twice that. When he said to himself, "Two hundred thousand dollars! A quarter of a million dollars!" Christopher's hands tightened, curled, the fingers closing over the palms as though they held something, and a secret shiver of joy went through him. He had not had so very many joys; and he had not known that he was lonely until he saw Mary bending over the fire.

He told her that.

"I don't know much about families. You must forgive me if I blunder," he went on, knowing instinctively that a motherless boyhood would be the surest appeal to her interest. Normally Christopher thought families boring, but tonight in this deep-sea dusk, with wind passing over distant tops like a far-off tide, he had a glimpse of new values, of secrets that had been hidden from him. A profound excitement drove him. He was like a blind person given a moment of sight.

Mary could not hear enough about the little boy who had had to spend even his vacations in boarding-school. She visibly mothered the lonely child. Christopher did not tell her that he had created a famous banking system with his pocket money,

lending to the other boys at a high rate of interest, but he did tell her of, later, taking his all, buying a tract of land, developing it on borrowed money, and finally, after racking struggles, selling it at a three hundred per cent profit. There was romance, daring, and Mary loved it.

"In that case, I might not have been here to tell it," he pointed out, and to them both this was momentous. Their eyes met over it, fell away, came back. The others, gathering up the things beyond the sinking fire, were remote, inaudible; the aromatic dark enclosed them like a cave, and their hands, pressing the redwood needles, trembled as though they touched. Then Mary started up, caught a little boy to her and kissed his rough head.

"Ouch—you hurt," said the ingrate.

When they all went home in Harriet, Christopher and Mary sat silent on the front seat with a chattering youngster between them. Christopher even liked that warm pressure, the unconscious arm on his knee. He thought it would always be like that, only better and bigger, if he might have Mary. And now he had had Mary for nearly twelve months, and she was dying in the room overhead.

"I shall feel it more afterward. One is numb at the time," he told himself, and kept the attitude of grief, his head bowed on his hands.

After that, days and nights went by like painted scenes, scarcely noticeable from the profound reality into which they had plunged. One night he found her at the bottom of the garden, looking at the sunset over the shoulder of their mountain. He leaned on the old fence beside her and spoke quite simply out of his new vision:

"Everyone must love you. You must be bothered to death by people loving you and wanting you."

She answered as simply: "But they are always boys."

There was an enveloping tenderness in his voice, in his eyes, his breast ached with his tenderness for her.

"Well, aren't you a girl?"

She had a woman's smile, deep and direct. "No—I'm grown up."

He took his eyes away from her with an effort. "I am thirty-seven," he told her. "I must be fifteen years older than you are."

"No, only twelve," she said, quickly, comfortingly. The sap of life was running in the dead rails under their arms. Their hands came together, both hands in a living clasp.

"But you are so—" Breath failed him. "How can you care for me?"

Perhaps he owed that to the missing father, for her answer came on a sigh: "Oh, you are so safe, so true! One can trust you!" She gave herself heaped up and running over, living on heights where even her lover could not follow.

"But it will be different when we are married," he told himself. They would both dwell on the heights then. And so they were married.

He had given Mary a fair house, not badly furnished, picked up at a bargain because business was getting into that neighborhood. The block had a couple of trees, and Mary thought Brooklyn delightful; she thrilled over the bridges and the harbor and the city lights; and she discovered the shops.

Christopher sighed and stirred. How could he have known that Mary was born an incurable spender? She agreed heartily that they must hold back while the new project matured, must save

and get ahead and develop other tracts of land, and yet money went through her fingers like water. She had to give him delicacies to eat, to make herself fine for his eyes, to bring color into his home, and to relieve distress wherever it showed itself. The household allowance never lasted through the month.

If Mary had been contrite and frightened when she had to confess a deficit, he might have done something with her, but she laughed over it as though money scarcely mattered, indulged his tight-lipped gravity as though it were a quaint weakness, promised reform with lavish self-abasement and did it right over again. She trusted too much to his love, to her charm; she needed a lesson! A secret anger began to smoulder against her.

And suddenly the family became a menace. One night Mary met him ablaze with excitement, half laughing and half dubious.

"Oh, my dear!" She drew him into the living room and shut the door, a startling precaution; usually their servant might hear anything she had to say, including the statement that she loved him to death. "What do you think turned up today? My father!"

Christopher foresaw what was coming, and the corners of his mouth tightened under his clipped moustache.

"Yes," Mary assented. "You've guessed. I want to give him money enough to get home. Oh, Chris, I want it awfully!"

"Home? To your mother?" Chris was repelled and yet relieved.

"Oh, yes. He always goes home," Mary sighed. "He says this is the last time—he does look rather broken, the poor old sinner! He's faithless and selfish and all that, but one kind of likes him," she admitted.

"Where has he been?"

"In Spain, apparently. He ran into Ned on the street this morning—that was the first he knew about my marriage. Ned is going to take him to dinner." She threw that out as a mitigation. "Can't we

manage his ticket home?"

Chris saw, of course, that a ticket would be less expensive than having the man stay there, but he was not going to give in too quickly.

"Does your mother want him?"

"Oh, yes. She feels easier about him. And it really is more fun when he is at home. You know, he doesn't drink." She offered that as a high virtue, and Christopher's patience nearly snapped.

"Remarkable," he said. "As it happens, I don't drink, either, but I didn't know it was such a distinction."

Mary's "Oh, you wouldn't!" might have been a tribute, but it sounded oddly like a criticism. Christopher ignored it. Nobody knew how sensitive he was under his calm front, how any personal comment stung and rankled.

"And he will live on your mother?" he went on.

"Once in a while he sells a painting." Then Mary thought up another virtue: "And when he does go off like this, he never, never writes home for money. He hasn't even asked me for it, you know—it was my suggestion. Chris, let's send him home to mother!"

Chris took out his check book and fountain pen, then hesitated; put them back.

"I will buy him a ticket in the morning," he said. You can see him off in the afternoon and give him enough for his meals on the way. Now, Mary, we shall have to make up this amount. You realize

that." He did not intend that giving to her family should prove an easy matter.

Mary had not suggested that the two men should meet, and Christopher was glad to be spared that, but he passed through the station near train time and so managed a glimpse of Mary's father. He saw a tall, thin, slack man with a bush of grey curls and a hat at a slightly jaunty slant, smiling down at his daughter. Mary's hand was through his arm, they were reprehensibly at home together, considering what the man was. Then Chris had to step behind Information to avoid Ned Brewer.

Ned had brought a package and a couple of books for Mr. Cray, and the three stood talking and laughing. Ned had said nothing to him yesterday about the encounter—the fellow had an admirable trick of keeping his mouth shut. When Mr. Cray had gone through the gate, Mary and Ned went away, looking so glad to be together, so suited to one another, that Christopher turned home feeling old and left out in some dim way; for all his virtues, a failure.

They must have gone to tea together. Toward seven Christopher heard their voices at the door, then Mary came in alone. Ned never came to the house. Mary's hospitality brought in any chance acquaintance, so that Christopher was thankful for the foresight that had planted her across the bridge, in comparative isolation; but after the first few weeks, when he had come with enthusiasm, Ned had refused all invitations. No doubt he had some girl who absorbed his evenings. Chris said that to Mary when, looking up from his paper, he saw her standing in the doorway. He had to break up in his mind the picture of the two, so well matched in youngness and spirit.

"Girl?" Mary repeated absently. The glow had gone out of her and she leaned against the door as though she were very tired.

"Considering what old friends you were—he would come oftener if there were not some stronger attraction," Christopher pointed out. "Has he told you about it?"

Mary's eyes brooded on him in an odd fashion. "Yes, he told me a little."

So that's why we don't see more of him," Chris said, shaking out his paper with a strong sense of satisfaction.

"Yes—that's why," Mary assented, turning away.

"He can't very well marry, as things are in his family."

"No, he can't marry her," Mary said from the stairs.

Evidently she was not at all pleased by Ned's preoccupation. Women were greedy of affection. Mary wanted everyone to love her, down to the butcher and the ice-man; she could not sign for a registered letter without establishing friendly relations with the postman. Christopher felt a small, vindictive pleasure that Ned would not respond. He knew what he wanted, that fellow.

THERE was a movement in the room above, quick steps and a door shutting. Christopher raised his head and waited in frozen suspense. Both nurses were up tonight. They treated him with a mothering kindness that was exasperating. This eternal sentimentality of woman, demanding that all loss, all grief, should be the same colossal size, forcing on a man the attitude of heartbreak, no matter what his inner state! Women were the lovers; it was they who kept the tradition whipped up to such a height, and who put a smother of romance over a man's natural self. Mary had been as prodigal of embraces as she was of money. When Christopher drew back, shrank from all this demonstration, she tried to explain him to himself.

"You see, you didn't have a mother," she told him, seated on the arm of his chair. "So you weren't taught how to love. I don't believe one is born knowing it. Mothers bring it out, make it grow. Poor little lonely Chris, off in a boarding school!" And she rubbed her cheek against his, very gently, as though to teach him the lost lesson. Sometimes his heart responded, more often he put her off with a defensive: "Oh, come, Mary! Mother or no mother, he was not always in a mood for demonstration, and she might as well accept it.

She did, in time. He remembered awakening one night after hours of sleep, to find her sitting up in the dimness as though she had not been asleep at all. The room was lighted, as this way, by a glimmer from the street, and he could see the long, dark streak of her braid, the shadowy, brooding droop of her head. At his movement she turned.

"Is this all there is to love?" she asked—not reproachfully, yet with a tremble in her voice. "I thought it was something that grew bigger and bigger—something—enormous. And absorbing. That mattered awfully." Tears brimmed over her

The Faces of Flowers

By W. V. Newson

*Come and visit my garden now
And wile an hour away,
For many faces you used to know
Are gathered here in angle and row.*

*Waiting, ever with friendly mien,
Poised expectant on slender green,
Proud of their story of joy and woe,
As told in fables of long ago.*

*Pansies yellow and pansies blue,
Pondering in the shade,
And pansies with dark brown velvet eyes,
Seeming to wonder why summer dies.*

*Roses moulded in pleat and flare,
Swinging censers of perfume rare,
And dusted over with gems of dew—
The flower-spirits of loves we knew.*

*Love-Lies-Bleeding, Love-in-the-Mist
And other love-named things,
And purple Iris, the Rainbow wist,
With sword and sheath of a royalist.*

*Bleeding Heart on its pendant true,
How plaintive and sad it looks to you!
Are olden gardens of other days,
Smouldering deep in its solemn gaze?*

*The Gay Althea and Golden Glow
Are standing brightly by
While thousand eyelets of Baby's Breath
Are mutely grieving a fairy's death.*

*Helianthus, beloved of sun
Follows him round till day is done;
And cold Narcissus whom Echo wooed—
Is still austere in his ancient mood.*

*All looked up as we passed them now—
Was it the wind that made them bow?
Sages say they have heart-beats, too—
But that is something we always knew!*

eyelids, slipped down her cheeks. "It's all right. I'm only wondering," she insisted, and so for once stung his spirit broad awake, brought back the lover of the redwood grove. But the flare died down, and afterwards he was ashamed of the little words and names, the quick and slow kisses, suspicious of where such a hot tenderness might lead him. Lavishness in love seemed perilously close to lavishness in material things. His shoulders and elbows contracted visibly against the sweep of her greetings; he was relieved when she came down to the perfunctory part of habit and turned her fire on the coming child.

And now the child was gone. Mary would be crushed; perhaps she would rather not get well. He could sell the house and stop this torrent of expense. A quiet room and bath, his comfortable club, every turnover of land giving him the means for a fresh deal on a bigger scale—five hundred thousand dollars—a million dollars—

The doctor was in the doorway. Christopher's head jerked up from his hands. He tried to go to meet the news, but could only stare, his lips parted for breath.

"All right! Fine!" The doctor's voice was a hearty clap. "She has begun to fight! We're going to pull her through! Inextricably, Christopher's eyes were drowned in a rush of tears.

Mary's convalescence was slow, very expensive. The present land scheme was developing magically, but Christopher had a vision of a new project so much bigger that he grudged every cent diverted from it. He could have gone cold and hungry himself while he put it through, and the right kind of a wife would have frozen and starved with him, gladly, instead of coddling herself before an open fire (wood was thirty-two dollars a cord) and clinging to her trained nurse until Christopher had to put his foot down. There was no sense in telling Mary that things were going well; a worried air was his one check on her. And even in the face of that she suddenly declared that she must go to California.

"That is impossible." Exasperation drove Chris farther than he usually went, in words: "Haven't you any conception of what all this has cost?"

Mary, lying on a couch, looked up at him with brook-brown eyes that slowly filled.

"Yes, they cost—wives and babies," she said. "Love—costs."

"Would you like to see Ned?" he suggested. "He has asked about you every day. He would be glad to come over."

Mary did not want to see Ned, quite vehemently did not want to.

"I want my family!" she burst out. "I shall die of homesickness—I want my family! Let me go home for three months and I'll make it up; I'll do my own work and watch every penny till all this is paid for—I promise! Oh, I want to go home!" She was sobbing now.

Chris patted her, and in her heart-hunger she was grateful for pats. She pulled herself together, held his hand against her face and kissed it.

"I'll come back so well and jolly and good and hard-working and economical," she murmured, a forlorn humor struggling through. "California will be one of the best investments you ever made. Lizzie will take good care of you. I could get off tomorrow if I might have a taxi to the station. Just a lower berth, Chris—so long as it's going West!"

Chris saw possibilities so golden that he had to guard his expression, to hold on to reluctance and figure audibly the cost. When he gave in, Mary became well in one bound, and he was so full of satisfaction that he dared love her. He would always love her, he told himself, if only she would not force him to be on guard.

They parted with fond warmth. Then Christopher went home and dismissed the cook. A cleaning woman was engaged to come once a week. His club served an excellent dinner at cost; lunch was a glass of milk and a sandwich and he could get his own breakfasts. With every venue of personal expenditure stopped, he spent lean, delightful days boring deeper and deeper into his new project. Some chance information combined with his sagacity and his business courage to open up a deal on a new scale.

"A million dollars," he said to himself, his fingers curling tightly over his palms. "Two million dollars—five million dollars!" A sharp, cool joy made him keen as a blade.

When his plan was ready, he took Ned Brewer home to his empty house. It was rather shut-up and dim and dusty, and Ned frowned about him.

"Queer without Mary," he said, and lit a cigarette to change the atmosphere.

Christopher sat watching him, holding back from the great moment, savoring its delight. There were not three men of his means in the country capable of undertaking this and putting it through.

"Ned, if you could have a wish granted, what would it be?" he began. He knew very well that the war had taken Ned out of an architect's office and that, when the soldiering was safely over, a new pressure of family needs had forced him to accept the first good salary that offered, but he had to be sure that the old ambition still burned.

Ned gave him an odd look, then smiled up into a puff of smoke as though there were a wry joke somewhere. He was a long, homely fellow with lazy little grey eyes and an amiable calm that was seldom ruffled.

"To have fallen on the field of battle," he said, for he had always to waste a little time by being funny—he was as bad as Mary about that. "Hero—that's my job. This putting food into your mouth and money into your bank, year after year—I don't see anything to it."

Christopher patiently amended his question: "Suppose you were free to do exactly as you pleased—what would it be?"

Ned reconsidered. "Well, I suppose I'd take a year at the Beaux Arts, if anyone insisted on it; and a few months wandering about looking at things; then I'd go back home and get into a good firm of architects when they weren't looking; and after I had made myself solid with all their best clients, I'd set up for myself. Good place to build in, San Francisco—there's still room for houses there. And more churches won't hurt 'em. But country clubs if they say so. Yes, I'd like that," he admitted, "But there is no use thinking about it."

Christopher had listened intently. "Because you have to support your mother?"

"And a lively young grandmother. Mother doesn't cost much—she's got a conscience, but Granny's worse than a show-girl. She likes to be comfortable!" He smiled affectionately, even proudly, over his grandmother's exactions.

Continued on page 32



"You have got to be quick, resourceful, not openly eager, and yet—" Christopher's hand lightly struck the table—"you've got to get it!"



"Officer, whassa matter with the boat? S'pose she struck a reef?"

A Shipload of Brides

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by J. Prostor

MANY ships on many errands have steamed up the broad St. Lawrence since Wolfe captured Quebec. Royalty, intrigue, and commerce have come to our shores. So too have war and pestilence, celebrities, visiting dignitaries from other lands, immigrants, settlers, good, bad, and indifferent. Not all journeys end in lovers' meetings, but it is pleasant to know that some do and that not all of the folk who come to us from over the sea are concerned only with politics and such-like sordid matters.

There are the bride-ships. They arrive practically unheralded and we hear little about them because, you see, the newcomers have neither wealth nor notoriety with which to interest the press and public. So let us go down to the dock and find out about them for ourselves. An unofficial welcome.

In the great shed a score or more of expectant bridegrooms, the forefront of a vociferous and motley crowd, await the arrival of the bride-ship and the throwing out of the gang-plank. Many other expectant bridegrooms all across vast Canada would have liked to be present at this auspicious moment but distance and expense being prohibitive they must wait with what patience they can until their sweethearts reach them. Everybody can't drop work and travel half way over a continent even to meet a bride! Excitement runs high. The moments are hours. Some badinage serves to relieve the tenseness and now and then the stoical customs men and immigration officials themselves are betrayed into smirks of appreciation and twinkle of sympathy.

"Hey, Bill! Got your plain gold band all ready? Have, eh? Bet you got the wrong size!"

"Listen, Jim, what'll I do if she's got the mother-in-law along?"

"Louie, lend me two bucks like a good scout. I'm broke and we gotta eat our honeymoon dinner at a hot-dog lunch counter unless I can rustle a loan somewhere!"

"Say, you guys, move on! This ain't the Scotch boat—it's Italian or something!"

"Permits!" bawled an official. "Everybody ready to show his permit! Stand back, there!"

"Officer, whassa matter with the boat? S'pose she struck a reef? Obvious anxiety.

"Patience, son, patience. You've got all the rest of your life to be married in."

"Ha, ha! A year from now he'll be wishing she had struck a reef!"

"Here, here now, no rough-house!"

Unloading a circus is nothing to it and custom alone prevents the officials from going as crazy as their charges. At last the great steamer moves in, very deliberately, of course, berths, and the gang-plank is thrown down. The first class passengers come off. Their number seems, to the impatient watchers looking for brides-to-be, literally endless. But finally the second and third-class begin to debark. Renewed excitement. Shouts, answering cries; the beat of humanity's heart everywhere. From first-class passengers one seeks in vain for that marvellous, indefinable quality known as human interest. Gentility's god, Restraint, sees to it that all emotion is kept damped down. But plainer, humbler people are not so hampered and inhibited.

FROM the rail of the lower deck a dark-eyed daughter of Italy wearing a scarlet-and-yellow head-shawl, large silver ear-rings, and a radiant smile, catches sight of her future husband down below in the shed.

"Luigi! Luigi!" she shrieks, throwing out two round brown arms. "Oh Luigi, here I am, me! Look on your Luisa!" Only she says it in her native tongue.

Finally Luigi sees her. With a smile that discloses beautiful white teeth he snatches off his cap and frantically waves it, yelling like a Comanche Indian. Seizing the arm of the man next to him he proudly points to the girl.

"See my Luisa!" he cries. "Italiano. Much-a da class, eh?"

A Syrian organ-grinder with his red-jacketed monkey has come to meet a beauteous damsel from Damascus, and so eager is he to locate her the guard twice has to throw him off the gangplank. At last comes Zaidie, timid, wide-eyed, carrying a shawled bundle on her back, a bundle nearly as big as herself. The bridegroom rushes forward. Zaidie lets her burden fall. And a sympathetic crowd looks on at a touching meeting compounded of rapture, tears, Syrian endearments, and many fond embraces.

Two Sicilian maidens are claimed by grooms-to-be, swart young men, brave in ten-dollar suits over sweaters, squeaky yellow shoes, with their hair oiled to a mirror-like brightness and orange blossoms in their lapels. All the greetings are not demonstrative. A matter-of-fact pair meet thus:

"Hello, Julietta."

"Hello, Romeo."

"Well, how's things?"

"Fine."

"We go get-a mar-ra, eh?"

"Sure," agrees Julietta. She has picked up some fine-elegant Englees on the way over. And off they go, arm-in-arm, to the priest.

Down the plank they come crowding, girls from Greece, from Sicily, from Asia Minor, bundle-laden, redolent of the steerage but filled with a buoyant, starry-eyed hope. All are young—none over twenty-two. The shed resounds with din and stress, voices in many strange tongues, a chattering and jabbering, cries of babies, calls of porters, hysterical greetings. A girl from Greece built on the Doric principle hurls herself into the arms of an undersized bootblack.

"Georgiev!" she bleats; "Oh, My Georgiev!"

"Sophia!" he cries, reaching up small arms to clasp this Amazon round the neck.

"Georgiev, do not leave me, my brave one. I have much fear. This so-strange land——"

"Be calm, my little flower," he soothes.

A porter reaches for Sophia's bundle and she frees herself from her lover and grabs the other by the neck with one powerful hand, swinging him around as though he were a toy.

"L-lady, I was only setting your stuff outa the gangway," he falters.

"Thief! Brigand! Liar!" she booms.

"Hush, Sophia. Hush, little one. You do not understand——"

"Whew!" The porter wipes a damp brow and sighs with relief when after five minutes' harangue the matter is straightened out.

THE marriage bureau does a land-office business.

The Syrian couple are already being joined together, with the monkey in the capacity of special witness perched on the groom's shoulder. A snapping-eyed Neapolitan grandmother of about thirty-four accompanied by a buxom married daughter with her baby wait while an unmarried relative just off the boat is joined in wedlock to a gentleman named Tomaso. Other large delegations from the city's Italian quarter stand or sit while certificates and so-forth are drawn up to the end that Pietro and Angelina, Antonio and Rosa, Beppo

and Marianni, may be married and the great feasting take place as per schedule. Oh, the ravioli, the spaghetti, the cakes, that will be eaten! Oh, the good red wine that will be consumed! In Little Italy a wedding is a wedding.

Some of the newcomers sniff the air expectantly, wistful eyes fixed on the city's huddle of roofs, its bulking skyline. What is in their hearts? The accumulated hope of years fills their eyes and these moments are the beginning of realization. They cannot guess what is before them. From the teeming hive with which they are so soon to mingle comes no familiar odor, no fine fragrance of ripening grapes, or thyme, no scent of countryside and flowers.

There are only the quayside smells of rotting logs and tar and fish, with fugitive whiffs from factories nearby. Yes, it will be different; it is already different, from the home on the Mediterranean. But they are young and they have just been married——

Young Mr. Papipolus and his brand-new wife

inquire the way to the railroad station.

"We go west," he explains, affably.

"What part?"

"Winnipeg."

"You'll need a sleeper."

"What for?"—in great astonishment.

"It's several nights."

"No, no. Day car, she good enough. Eh, Krissa?"

"Yes, yes, plenty good. Krissa has brought along two huge feather pillows from the Old Country. The day-car is a beautiful car, her young hubby



A sympathetic crowd looks on at a touching meeting compounded of rapture, tears, endearments and many fond embraces.

assures her earnestly, and three nights—pouf!—will soon pass.

"Look!" cries pretty Krissa, pointing. "The red-coats! What is going on—a war?" This in her own tongue.

"No, little one. Those are the horseback police—what they say?—Mounties."

"Oh, but they are beautiful!"

Jealousy stabs Mr. Papiopolus.

"Oh, they are well enough," he returns and switches the subject to the little fruit store in Winnipeg.

Two Italian girls are bound for points in Alberta. An interpreter sees them safely to their train and on the same train are Bill and Jim who have met their lassies at the Scotch boat and are now securely wedded and ticketed for Fort William. Bill's mother-in-law is present, grumbling because she must climb a ladder to get to bed. It's a gey queer country, is her dictum. One of the Italian girls shyly shows her the picture of her intended, a dark, beetling-browed youth standing awkwardly beside a photographer's table with one hand on a book and the other holding a derby hat in the crook of his arm. And Bill's mother-in-law smiles and rummaging in her valise fetches out a spice cake from the "land o' cakes," and presses it on the two young women.

"For your wedding," she says. "Divide it."

THE bride-ship and the honeymoon train. They are institutions. Orange blossoms, or what purport to be such, are seen on every side, for almost as universal as marriage itself is the custom of orange blossoms at the solemnization of the marriage vows. The ancient mandarins of the Celestial Kingdom, the dark lovers of the Nile, the fiery Saracens, and most of the Latin races all cherished the fragrant flower of the orange and with it garlanded their brides of centuries ago. And every girl debarking from a bride-ship has them in mind. Every bride-to-be hopes to see her man there to meet her with the lovely symbol in his buttonhole, or failing that, *something* in the way of a white blossom.

Sometimes she palpitates with fear that he himself may not be at the dock or the depot. This contingency has occurred.

But Canada has a care over her new adopted daughters. They are not permitted to be unclaimed treasures and no girl is allowed to leave the immigration port with a man until she is his wife. Should the young man fail to appear or temporize about marrying—stall round and show symptoms of chilly feet—the young woman is given in charge of a certain worthy organization that looks after her until either she obtains self-supporting work or can be sent back to her own country. Not infrequently another hubby is found right away. Barkis is willin', oh, quite willin', to take a chance even in these unromantic times, especially if the lady is young and strong and easy on the optics. Thus we find cases where Canada goes so far as to furnish the bridegroom, the best man, the parson, the ring, the bridesmaid, the cake and the kiss!

THE shed empties quickly. Only a few scattered groups remain in the vast, echoing place and an elderly porter commences cleaning operations with broom and dust-pan, shuffling about like an uneasy ghost as he gathers his harvest of confetti and orange peel. A little apart, leaning over the dock-rail, a solitary Italian, slim, well-dressed, handsome, gazes ruminatively at the ship's prow that so recently cut the blue, translucent waves of the Adriatic, his native waters. With all the world getting married today, how come? Is it a wave of homesickness that suddenly has swept over him? Why does he sigh so heavily and turn away, sadly shaking his head? Did his girl fail to come? Is he contemplating suicide? Was there a lovers' quarrel?

A good-natured official, pausing, hails him. "Where's your bride, Tony?"

Tony shrugs and over his features spreads a melancholy smile.

"I no marra," he returns simply.

"How's that?"

"I come for be bes' man. My broth' Dominic, he get-a marra."

"But you ought to have a girl yourself! Not afraid of girls, are you?"

"Not so much-a da girl so much-a da cost," answers Tony shrewdly.

"Oh, that's where the shoe pinches, eh?"

"Sure, me, I got a girl," Tony explains.

"Italiano?"

"Sure. Boot she long time here. Carlotta Lombrosio. She smart-a girl, Carlotta—what you call-a da pipp', yes."

"Won't she marry you?"

"Oh, I betcha! Boot—ha—I don't ask her."

"Go on. Be a sport and take a chance!"

"No. She too long time here. Learn too much. I like get-a marra," Tony adds wistfully. "I guess I wait for nex' bride-ship!"

"I see. You prefer 'em unsophisticated."

"Canad' girl not like Italiano girl," declares Tony, shaking his head. "Carlotta call herself Canad' now. Got-a have silk-a stock', wrist-a watch, go on a show every night, eat beeg dinner cost two doll', go on a dance, bob her head, go on a taxi, blow all da coin on da swell clothes, no save a cent—she ver' soon bust her man, not? Good-a fine looks, sure! Good-a fine wife, nix! I no marra," he winds up with an air of finality. "Carlotta too expense!"



"Sure," agrees Julietta, and off they go, arm-in-arm, to the Priest

Felindy's Wedding Day

By William Thompson

See here, F'lindy! Now I say,
When you gwine to name the day?
Don't you know the hours am flyin'
That the weeks and months am gwine?
Come you F'lindy, now I say,
When you gwine to name the day?

Up above the crows are cavin',
In the trees the blackbird's jawin',
See the doves just yonder cooin',
Hear that little heifer moooin'.
Seems to me just if they say,
"F'lindy's gwine to name the day!"

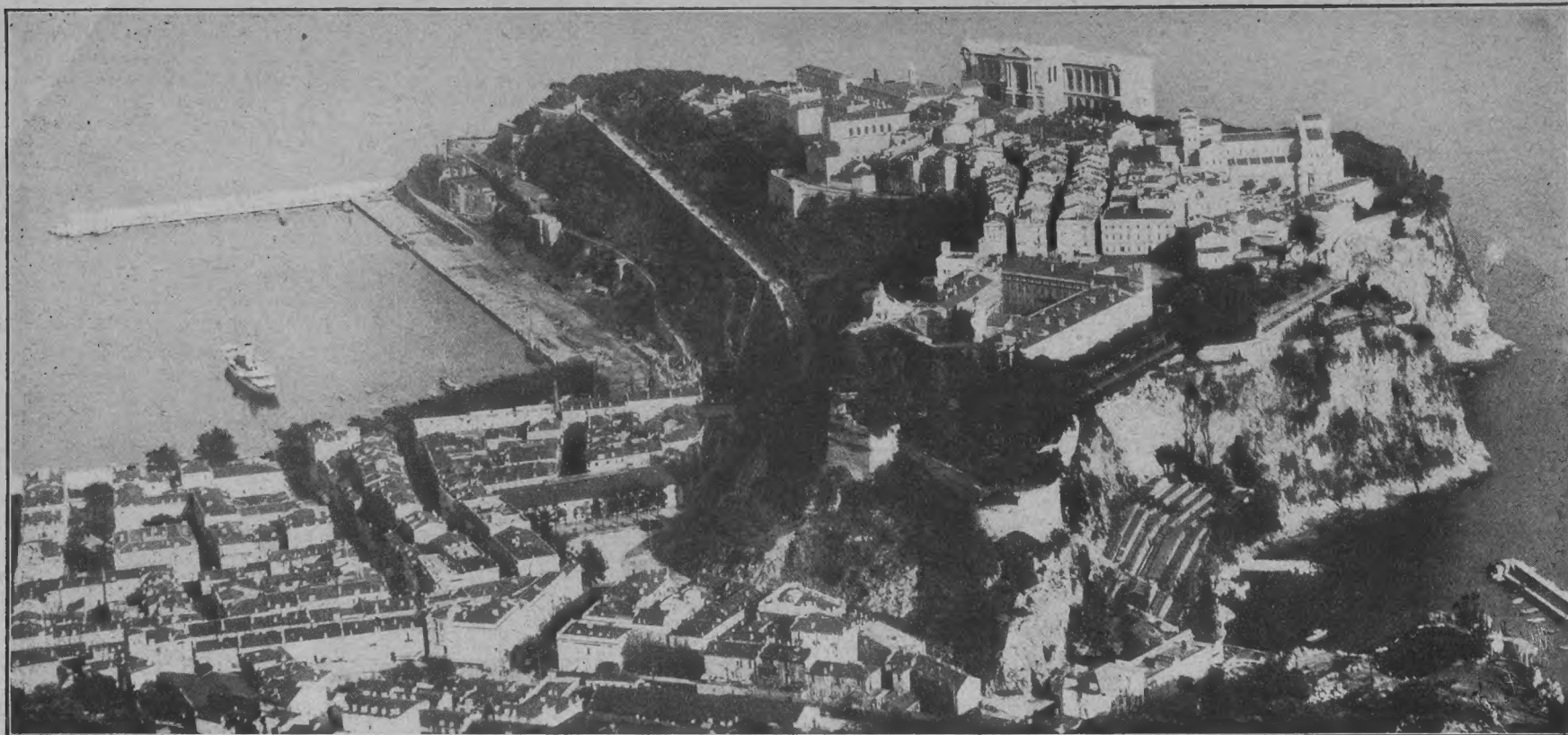
In the oak the thrasher's singin',
Startin' all the woods a-ringin'.
Frogs am hoppin' in the mire.
Swallows they am flyin' higher.
What's the token, F'lindy? Guess!
That's the sign you answers "Yes."

How 'bout that 'gagement kiss?
This am sure a day of bliss!
Proudest day of all my life,
That you's gwine to be my wife.
Go 'way trouble, go away!
This is F'lindy's weddin' day.

Old red mule feel mighty gay,
Had some extra corn and hay.
Whoa there, Jack, don't yank that line!
Tryin' to spill this bride of mine?
Acts as if he'd run away
And spoil F'lindy's wedding day.



"Luiga! Luiga!" she shrieks, throwing out two round brown arms. "Oh Luiga, here I am, me! Look on your Luisa!"



The Principality of Monaco, entirely built up and supported in the past sixty years out of the profits of the gaming table

Monte Carlo—Its Truth and Romance

By Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the sixth article specially written by Mr. Dickie of his journeyings in various parts of France. Herein is told of his visit to Monte Carlo, and he relates some striking facts of past and present times little known to the outside world.

I WALKED about the great gaming rooms of Monte Carlo the other night; I walked upon the Terrace, and I walked in the park before it, a veritable dream of gardening and grand palm trees, and during half a dozen hours of that evening saw not a single suicide. And though I have paid in all four visits to this most famous of pleasure resorts, no dread drama of death has been enacted before my eyes. Such things, of course, happen, and frequently. They are a part of the amazing facts that make Monte Carlo perhaps the most bizarre and fascinating spot in all of Europe, if not the entire world. The strange thing in connection with Monte Carlo is that, rich though it is in story, very few authoritative works have been compiled upon it. You go about the clean white streets, redolent of the odor of wealth (there is no other word for it) and find vendors of roulette systems, and religious pamphlets telling of the wickedness and folly of gambling. The men who offer you the booklets on roulette in which are set forth the one sure and certain method to break the bank are old and broken-down gamblers whom the Casino has sucked dry. It is one of the many paradoxes of this remarkable place.

"Gambling is co-eval with human nature," said Edmund Burke, the great English statesman, and Monte Carlo is the greatest outstanding example of the truth of his statement. Monte Carlo has become a recognized institution, as sane and solid as the Bank of England, and as middle-class as the Derby. Today an average of two million people yearly visit it, and take a brief or extensive fling at the gaming tables. For thirty years this place has paid dividends running sometimes as high as two hundred per cent.

François Blanc, once a poor Parisian waiter, took charge of this barren rock with its shabby prince and ruined castle in the year 1863, and within a quarter of a century made it one of the garden

spots of the world. When he died in 1877 he left two hundred million francs of private fortune from the winnings from fools. In addition he had created a small city, built up the ancient castle, and made the Prince of Monaco one of the richest princelings in Europe. François was married to a German servant girl. Yet before she died she was the hostess of a salon where the greatest lights of literature often attended. She saw here two daughters married to men of royal blood, one of

operating a very profitable gambling establishment at Homburg. Foreseeing the moral wave which came to Germany just after the Franco-Prussian war he took a lease from the almost penniless Prince of Monaco. He made the revenue from the gambling tables support the little principality without taxes of any kind to its inhabitants. Out of the earnings of the tables the clergy were paid and still are, and beautiful churches were erected. The only restrictions placed upon the Monagascans, which is the name given to the natives of Monaco, is that none of them may ever enter the gaming rooms to play.



The Bay of Villefranche

them no less a person than Prince Roland Bonaparte. Truly roulette has achieved many queer triumphs, but surely none more remarkable than the linking up of the first Napoleon and this ex-servant girl Charlotte Hensel who, as the wife of François Blanc, was a great aid to her husband in making Monte Carlo the success it eventually became.

"Monaco on the rock which neither sows nor reaps, but must eat," was taken over in 1863 by François Blanc, who for some years had been

THE Societe Anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco is the exact title of the company today holding a lease on the gaming privileges until the year 1947. It is a regular trading corporation with shares listed on the exchanges of Europe. And it is the only trading concern in the world which likes to advertise loudly and on all occasions that it is losing money. Indeed, the most commonly heard story of Monte Carlo is of the big winnings made by so-and-so. The subsidized press of Monte Carlo specializes in giving out such news. It is the finest bait in the world to bring thousands of customers eager to win easy fortunes. But though the stories of such winnings have gone around the world often in the past sixty years, a very careful investigation of these proves conclusively that most were grossly exaggerated, and that in all but a few instances, the bank eventually not only won all the money back, but a fortune from the at-first lucky players. For the bank at Monte Carlo has unlimited

means, and in addition places a limit of play of 12,000 francs on the tables which is a guarantee of safety, taken in conjunction with the enormous advantage the roulette wheel and trente et quarante game gives to the bank. Millions of people have come to Monte Carlo with a system they were certain would conquer the bank, but only one system in all the history of the Casino was successful, and that only through certain mechanical defects in the wheels discovered at the time by a mechanical genius by the name of Jagers. Some

twenty years ago Jagers from long experience with various delicate machines arrived at the conclusion that imperfect man cannot make perfect machines. He bought a small roulette wheel and experimented with it, and found after a little while that it no longer ran true and for this reason certain numbers came up more often. He journeyed to Monte Carlo with five assistants. For six weeks they studied the various roulette wheels, making notes of the numbers coming up daily throughout that time. With this data in hand, Jagers was able to calculate the flaws so accurately that, playing in conjunction with his five assistants, he won seventy thousand dollars in four days. His phenomenal winnings caused the bank to call in the manufacturer of the wheels within the next six weeks, during which time Jager and his men had won half a million dollars. The manufacturer discovered the same thing as had Jagers. New wheels were installed with a movable set of cups into which the ivory ball falls. These had previously been fixed as part of the wheel. In the new machines the disk also was made to revolve in the opposite direction to the ball, which makes the machines of today practically flawless. But Jagers was clever enough to know when his game was up and retired with sixty thousand pounds, probably the only man who ever actually had a system which beat the game.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan on one of his many trips to Monte Carlo challenged the authorities to take the limit off the game. He knew that with his enormous wealth as backing he could break the bank simply by a process of doubling. But of course the bank wisely refused.

Out of all the glamorous past have come countless stories of great winnings. Of these the most romantic and the most remarkable, and verified in every detail, is the winning of a Mr. Sim, afterwards the British Vice-Consul. On a day in November, 1892, Mr. Sim wandered into the Casino with only five francs. He dropped it on the number five. He won, and let his winnings remain. Again five came up. With this return of 35 times his money twice repeated, he went on to play until by night he had won \$50,000. This is probably a record in the entire history of the world of winning so large a sum with an initial capital of only a dollar.

The year previous witnessed the arrival at Monte

Carlo of a gross little English Cockney swindler named Charles Wells. He had come from England with a few hundred pounds fraudulently gained by selling stock in fake inventions. By a sheer streak of luck he broke the bank 12 times in one day. That is, won all the money at the table at the time. The term "break the bank" is only a term, for in reality it is impossible to break the bank. But each table starts out each day with 100,000 francs. When a lucky player takes all this the bank is called broken for the moment until fresh cash can be brought from the main office. Wells

the previous year, amounting to a quarter of a million dollars, and a large sum of his own which he had swindled people out of in England.

Another famous rogue was a Spaniard named Garcia. He won three million francs from the Casino. This was in the days when five francs were about equivalent to a dollar. With this he retired, vowing he would never gamble again. But the lure of the game was too strong for him. He returned and in a short time was penniless.

In 1891 a German doctor as he rose from the table with one hundred and twenty thousand francs of winnings dropped dead in his chair.

PERHAPS the most romantic story of recent times, one with a touch of pathos, was an attempt made in 1922 by a woman and three men to win a fortune by which to restore the ex-Emperor Carl of Austria-Hungary to his throne. The incident was one of those strange ones which one might read in a romantic novel, but hardly credit as possible in real life. Yet here are the actual facts: The faithful little band of royalists clung to the hope that Carl might be reinstated if only money enough could be raised to finance the revolution. However, all the royal possessions consisted of some jewels. On these the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand francs was raised, an amount not nearly enough to finance the struggle for the throne. So it was agreed that the woman and three companions would take this sum to Monte Carlo and with it try and win sufficient for their needs. Strange with what child-like faith so many people believe all they have to do is take a certain sum to Monte Carlo in order to wrest a fortune! The

woman and her companions played faithfully for three weeks, at the end of which time their entire stake was swept away. Carl soon after died in Madeira in poverty.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia once broke the bank twelve times in one afternoon, and won six hundred and thirty thousand francs in a week. But the average titled person seems to be singularly unfortunate when they try their luck with the games at Monte Carlo, and hundreds of the best blue blood of England have lost fortunes across the alluring green cloth in this magnificent temple of chance. In the old days all men could come freely to the Casino. Today things are changed.

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The main gaming room at Monte Carlo

continued to play successfully for several months. Though he was ignorant, and of unpleasing personality, he was taken up by nobility. People fawned upon him, and he was regarded with awe. Hundreds watched his play and followed it, till the Casino authorities limited the number of people that could play at his table. Others tried to use his plays on other tables, but invariably lost. He was besieged by people from all walks of life who begged him to reveal his system. As a matter of fact he had none, though he posed as having an infallible formula. After some months of high play and high living Wells returned to England. He returned the following spring in a private yacht, but in a few weeks time had lost his entire winnings of



The entrance to the Casino at Monte Carlo



With no other objective in view Gerhard drifted into the city; through this place and that of former interest; curiously indifferent to what had once captivated him

By
Laura
Goodman
Salverson

Illustrated by
J. Clymer

The Golden Anklet

PART II

A JOLLY place this East, for picking up curses, thought the impressionable Gerhard recalling the nemesis of Gillebrand. The sincerity of a child made the ludicrous confession appealing. No question of her doubting the efficacy of curses! Ridiculous as it was he wished he dared ask the manner of it. But of course a gentleman couldn't pry upon the curse of a lady! However, there was a serious side, and a pathetic, to her tale. As casually as he could he dismissed the piety of Omar and his pertinacity of curses. "But surely," he concluded, "someone works the loom in his absence; maintains the business?"

A bitter exclamation and a tangle of passionate words rebuked his foolishness. Who but an Omar could play the looms of an Omar? Since the days of the Prophet such a sacrilege had not been done. And business! What business? How should there be any business when the greatest ladies slept on coarse linen sheets and the silk damask was all but forgotten? An outrage and a shame! "Oh, Sahib, most desolate is the house of Omar. The looms are silent . . . have long been silent. There is none, but me."

"What! you are alone, and in the Street Called Straight?"

"Alone, Sahib, but in the shadow of Allah though

THE scene is laid first in Stockholm, when Catherine Amuer, an aristocratic lady of ancient family awaits the arrival of her nephew, Gerhard. It is the 12th of July, the anniversary of the death of their ancestor Valdimar Amuer, whose heroism and devotion to the Royal Throne hallowed the day. Gerhard has fallen in love with Neesa Hedquist, a draper's daughter, and a music hall star; has proposed marriage and has been rejected—a state of affairs never before known to a family of such ancient lineage. Gerhard arrives to find his aunt ensconced in the west wing of the mansion where the commemoration service to the departed Valdimar has always been held. He seems ill-at-ease and moody and his aunt's queries do not tend to soothe him. For some time they parry with one another, Catherine defending the honor of the house, and Gerhard casting scorn upon the peccadilloes of their ancestors.

Finally Catherine leaves him, at the same time throwing out a hint that happiness might be secured for him if he were to examine the Jade Drum which was deposited with the Amuer curios in the East Tower. This he does and finds in its recess an oriental anklet—a dull gold band covered with beadlike bells and inscribed with a curious circle and a Mohammedan curse. In the morning he informs his aunt that he is leaving by the first boat for the Orient. He arrives at Damascus where he obtains the services of one Ibrahim. They set out to inspect a gorgeous Hagg (pilgrim caravan). On their return Gerhard finds a woman clothed in native garb, weeping near the Gate of God and uttering many lamentations. Becoming anxious as to her welfare, he finally speaks to her and is surprised when she answers in a well-bred voice. They interchange remarks and he suddenly seizes her and places her upon his camel. She bids him take her to the house of her grandfather, Omar, the weaver. She explains that her grief has been caused because of his departure from Mecca months ago and his non-return.

His face be turned away," she corrected him softly. They had by now entered the black tunnel of the street in question. Sinister it seemed in its cavernous darkness; a terrible place for a girl to live in alone. She seemed to feel his repugnance. "The dark is sometimes friendly, Sahib . . . it hides one effectively. Nor is it ever a dull street—that is much. But now put me down, Honorable Presence, for the house of Omar is very near. Just above the Syrian tanner's."

"There is no tannery near," said Gerhard, sniffing the air significantly.

"Near enough, Sahib. The shadows may hide a mere woman but not a proud stepping camel, let alone a prince," she argued with humorous wisdom.

He knew she was right. No good would come of her being seen with him. But before releasing her to the hungry maw of the yawning darkness he probed again concerning Omar's handicraft. Her reluctance was genuine, but, poised like a bird for flight, she struggled against it. Even so, scarcely audible came the breathless concession: "A little—a very little damask is left. If the great Sahib wishes to see it . . . if he chances to pass this way—it is genuine. It is all silk. It is Persian damask. If the Sahib commands, Ibrahim can show the way." Then she fled, a shadow into a denser shadow, noiseless and

swift.

"Well," Gerhard addressed the black camel, "curses have their compensations. Compassionate Allah, I hope her eyes are not crossed!"

Later, Ibrahim shook this wily head at the mention of Omar the weaver. Oh, he knew him. Yes. Who did not? For generations there had been a weaver by that name in Damascus. A very old family. Yes, very old. But the face of Allah, the Keeper of Secrets, was turned from them, Kismet!

A prince today; a beggar tomorrow. Such was the incomprehensible law of the Compassionate One. Gerhard lost patience. "By the beard of all your prophets, this hinting at mysteries wearies me. Judging by conditions, the Compassionate has left off compassioning and has turned his back upon the lot of you!" Nothing daunted, Ibrahim grinned. "Even so, Sahib, honor and glory to the Great Wisdom."

"Leave off your confounded poetry and speak sense. Or by the left hind leg of your black camel I'll find a new dragoman. Now what is this nonsense about the weaver? As I understand it, he's just down on his luck. No customers and all that. Occasioned, doubtless, by that jolly little fracas of two years past. Even an infidel may hesitate to sell his life for Persian damask."

"The Presence is a fountain of wisdom, intoned the glib Ibrahim. "Forgive this miserable slave as stupid as an owl and cursed with the darkness of Lilith. But true it is the house of Omar crumbles under a curse."

"Oh, rot!" The irate Presence had recourse to commonplaces. "Damned rot! I've had enough of this nonsense. But since there's no getting sense out of you, at least I'll get service. I suppose you can still find the shop of this curse-ridden weaver? Well, make ready then, I've a mind to go there—"

"But, Sahib . . . ?"

No buts about it; I've quite made up my mind to see that precious place. Besides, I'm really looking for genuine damask."

"As the presence commands," bowed Ibrahim; managing, however, to inculcate in the action the disapproval he felt.

And, when at last Gerhard found himself in the weaver's humble abode, a wretched place leaning crazily over the ill-smelling court of the tanner, he was tempted to admit the greater sanity of Ibrahim. It was a fool's errand. So much he surmised at the start. He was right. No honied voice greeted him; no graceful figure swayed to meet him. The girl with the voice was nowhere to be seen. In her place a toothless hag grinned a dubitable welcome—reverential, flattering and horribly insincere. He wished the devil had her for his own.

"Tell her," Gerhard shot at Ibrahim coldly, "that I've come to see the weaver's damask, not the antics of his servant." Ibrahim translated and the old woman bent quite double in humble agreement. From a chest in the corner she produced a roll of cloth, fondling it with curious reverence, and unrolled it for the white Sahib. Genuine it certainly was as the golden voice had promised. All silk, soft as a bride's cheek and the color of old ivory. The fabric was perfect. Gerhard knew that even the royal chateaus of Stockholm boasted nothing so fine. It was such stuff as the Great Moguls and the incomparable Caliphs delighted in.

If only the old weaver had been less pious! Why the devil had he dashed to Mecca just when fame was about to crown his labors? There was a curse, indeed, predestined, bequeathed, or foolishly acquired. Foolish old man, he had his superstitious piety to thank for the loss of an opportunity not likely to be repeated in a lifetime. Impossible mortals these Orientals! But where was the girl? Was she, too, gone on a fool's errand? Why, above all, should he listen to this mouthing old hag? Hadn't the girl told him to come—intimated that he'd be welcome? Well, where was she?

Very much an Amuer, Gerhard turned upon the poor old woman his coldest glances, rapping out his query as inhumanely as a Sultan's tax collector. Understanding nothing of English she escaped his sarcasm, though, naturally, his displeasure was plain. But displeasure was no stranger to the abode of Omar. Apologetic she appealed to Ibrahim, who in his own fashion conveyed his master's disappointment.

Dismay and apprehension twisted her withered old face. Oh, the girl—indeed, she knew nothing of the girl. Who did? Like a foolish bird she flew about the city waiting for the hawk to devour her. It had come to that. Such was their misfortune. But the Sahib was too great to be worried with their little miseries. *Allah Il Allah!* His ways were not to be questioned. Pardon, sincere and humble, she craved of the Sahib to have detained him to see so insignificant a treasure.

"Ibrahim," said Gerhard in a voice dangerously calm, "tell that ancient chatterbox to hold her tongue. But find out, if you can, what she wants

for this stuff. Doubtless she has a price. Pay it. The Amuers never bargain. What they want they take—one way or another."

The surprise of his life followed. The old woman gave a shriek and fell at his feet babbling and wailing and wringing her clay-like hands. Oh, Allah forfend them! the damask was not for sale. No, no, never for sale whilst a crust remained and a roof over their heads. No, no, no! The great Sahib had come to see the weaver's art at its best—the glory of old Persia . . . The Presence must be merciful. She would rather die than sell it. Nay, she dared not. Omar might return. Throughout all his poverty he had kept it to remind him of the days when silk flowed to his looms like beauty to the breast of a lover. The great Sahib must forgive—

Gerhard turned on his heel. But, pausing in the gloomy doorway to toss a coin to the crouching woman, a curious sound, no sooner heard than lost, caught his ear. A tinkling little clatter, as if a reed strung with icy globules had shivered in a sudden gust of wind. Curious! Where had it come from? What did the shadows of the ill-lighted chamber hide? The place was stripped to meanness: a table, the chest and a stool or two its only furnishings. But now that his curiosity was roused Gerhard saw what the shadows had not yielded to an indifferent glance. At the far end of the long narrow room hung a faded tapestry. It was unpardonable—but such was the Amuer way—with the swift leap of a tiger Gerhard reached that curtain and wrenched it aside. At that he was too late. The barren alcove thus cruelly exposed to view yielded little of interest. A poor little cot and a long wooden box—that only. No—there was a door, hidden by some mouse-colored matting that stirred a little in the wind. . . .

Gerhard had the grace to be ashamed. On his way out again he tossed another coin to the shivering old woman. This time she did not bless him. Then he went his way displeased with the world, angry with himself and not much wiser—yet a little. That barren alcove had not only betrayed the poverty of Omar's granddaughter but revenged that shameful intrusion as well as revealing something that affected Gerhard like a blow—made him

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"Quick!" interrupted Gerhard, certain now of the carefully muffled footfall. "Quick, into that cupboard, and not a sound no matter what happens."

The Heart of Alix

*Another Killing. Then the
Murderer Makes a Sensational
Escape*

By Valentine Williams

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Sir Harry and Lady Fussy, at their estate, Node, on the Isle of Wight. One night Alix meets, in a deserted tower room, Basil Stanismore, who holds her worthless husband's notes. Basil promises to cancel them if Alix will come to him. She refuses.

Later that night Alix is surprised in her room by a visit from Ronnie Dene, a young officer who has long been in love with her. Ronnie is worried about her. Just after he leaves, Alix's husband, Frankie, comes in and whispers something to her that makes her let him spend the night in her room. Next evening the dead body of Stanismore is discovered outside the sea wall.

Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard comes to question the house party. The guests include Curtiss Vroque, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister, Freckles; Gerry Leese, Freckles' American suitor; Ronnie Dene; Alix and her husband. Each seems to have a perfect alibi, although Alix and Ronnie believe that Frankie's is false. Alix stands loyally by her husband in his need, and Ronnie, for Alix's sake, swears that he did not leave his room after ten on the fatal night. However, Manderton discovers that Ronnie and Alix are not telling the truth.

Alix has supposed that her husband really committed the crime, but now he insists that he believes Ronnie the guilty man.

Dr. Pontifex, local police surgeon, and Manderton have a talk during which Dr. Pontifex tells the inspector that, knowing nothing about the motive or circumstances of the crime, he would pick out Vroque as his first study because of the fact that he is obviously very abnormal. This starts Manderton on a new train of thought, especially when he hears that Vroque has close connection with the newspaper that was fighting Stanismore politically and that he had flown into a rage that day when a reporter had tried to see him.

Next morning Manderton goes to Portsmouth in Gerry's boat and finds Stanismore's yachting cap in Ronnie's oilskin, which had been loaned to him. Gerry tells Alix and she warns Ronnie.

only to get no explanation from him except that he did not kill Stanismore.

When Manderton comes back he frightens Alix into admitting that she was in the tower room and that Frankie was there also behind the screen. He tries to connect Ronnie with it all but fails and Ronnie successfully plants suspicion on Vroque. But when Manderton goes to find Vroque he has disappeared.

Alix, at Manderton's request, starts off to find Frankie and the rest of the household starts a hunt for Vroque.

ALIX BARLESTON went to find her husband with no more definite plan in her mind than to make him realize that the hand was played out. It would not be easy, she knew, to persuade him to a confession, for her admission about Ronnie, which she had no intention of concealing, would be fuel on the flame of his jealousy, and she greatly feared his stubborn malice. But now that she knew Ronnie to be innocent, now that the crushing burden of suspicion had been lifted from her heart, she was determined that Frankie should speak. In no other way could Ronnie be wholly exculpated, and if Frankie proved obstinate, then she was resolved to tell all she knew.

After all, she told herself as she hurried through the house, if Frankie must face his trial, it would be as the avenger of his honor—that motive stood out more clearly than any question of his debts. Surely, when the true facts were known, he would find clemency from the judges...

The door of Ned Fussy's room, where Frankie had spent the night, stood wide. The room was empty. Her husband's gay pajamas trailed on the floor; his clothes were gone. She made her way rapidly along the corridor to peep into their bedroom; it was empty too. Thereupon she retraced her steps to the hall and sought him in the library, the study, the dining-room. He was nowhere to be seen.

PANIC, sickening like a wave of nausea, swept over her as she stampeded into the gardens. What if Frankie had fled? She had never reckoned with this eventuality. Supposing his nerve, always shaken after his drinking bouts, had failed him? Then only she, a discredited witness, remained to help Ronnie in his plight...

Suddenly she remembered Frankie's favorite haunt, the croquet ground. She would look there. The prolongation of the terrace brought her to the end of the long rose garden, through which she gained the flight of steps leading down to the lawn. The croquet lawn was the quietest corner of the park, sunk in the angle of the outer wall and the inclosed kitchen garden, remote from the house and sequestered within its dark, broad hedge of box. On two sides the hedge was laid directly against these walls, while on the third side, at the foot of the ground, it was set back against the iron railings of the Wilderness.

As she descended the steep, cindered stairs from the rose garden, Alix caught sight of Frankie on the lawn below, his head and shoulders visible above the hedge. He was standing motionless, a cigarette between his lips, turned toward the Wilderness, seemingly lost in thought, his fingers picking nervously at his moustache. As she stepped on to the greensward through the arch of box she called him by name, but he did not appear to hear her. Nor even when she was at his side did he look up.

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*Panic, sickening like a wave of nausea,
swept over her*

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



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FELS-NAPHTHA

"I've been hunting for you everywhere," she panted. "Why aren't you in the morning-room with the rest of us? Listen, Frankie! Inspector Manderton has—"

HE CHECKED her with his hand. "I know," he told her listlessly. "I was outside on the verandah. I heard every word. . ."

"Then you heard . . . what I said too?"

He nodded sombrely, his eyes on the trim hedge in front of him, a dozen paces away, with the green disorder of the Wilderness rising beyond and above it.

"Frankie," she declared earnestly, "no one but you can clear Ronnie now. The inspector will never accept my word for it unless you confess."

"How do I know that either you or Dene is telling the truth?" he answered morosely.

A warm flush colored her pale cheeks.

"Would I invent such a story if it weren't true? Do you think I want to furnish you with grounds for a divorce? You know I'd have left you years ago, but that I didn't want to put this shame on Sandy. If it means anything to you still," she added rather shyly, "I want to say that Ronnie is not, and has never been, my lover. It was a mad freak of his to come to my room that night to have it out with me because I'd been avoiding him. I was overwrought, upset, by what Basil Stanismore had said to me, and I let Ronnie kiss me, but it went no farther than that. I've played the game by you, Frankie, and now you've got to play the game by me. . ."

"Oh, what do you and I and Dene matter now?" he broke in harshly. "The only thing that counts is that Dene is cleared. . ."

She looked up almost joyfully.

"Oh, Frankie," she exclaimed, "then you do believe me?"

There was rancor in his nod. "I know you wouldn't let Sandy down," he retorted with bitter emphasis.

She took his hand in hers. "Oh, my dear," she said warmly, "I'll let Ronnie go. You and I will face this thing out together. Inspector Manderton's waiting for you. You'll go to him and tell him the truth, won't you?"

He extricated his hands from her clasp, staring in front of him like one bemused.

"He won't believe the truth," he affirmed at last.

"But he must if you admit it," she cried. "If Ronnie is innocent, as you and I know he is, who else but you can have killed this man?"

"That," was the grave reply, "is what I'm wondering myself!"

She drew back in sudden consternation.

"It was true, then," she questioned, her eyes uneasily searching his face, "what you told me yesterday: that you did not kill Stanismore; that he was dead when you reached him?"

"Yes," he answered, his eyes steadfastly averted.

"Then why did you deceive me?" she demanded, a sob swelling into her voice.

"You put this admission into my mouth"—there was a sort of furious shrillness about the rejoinder. "I wanted to tell you that night, but I hadn't the pluck. I knew I'd failed you, but your outburst scared me and I didn't know what you'd do if I deceived you. . .". He ceased speaking while his brooding gaze wandered out over the waving fronds of the Wilderness.

His face grew sullen. "You were right, Alix," he told her presently, "I'm no good. I've always let you down. You may as well know the truth. I hadn't even the guts to kill the dirty tyke. I came down here intending to catch you two together. Stanismore was terrified of scandal, and I meant to frighten him into handing back my paper. I know it was blackmail, but somehow it didn't seem to me so bad with swine like Stanismore—not as I looked at it then. I waited about the Wilderness until you appeared. I saw you turn up to the tower, and that told me you expected Stanismore. While you were away, opening the sea door, I slipped into the tower and hid behind the screen. I intended to let Stanismore get going and then burst out on him, but I was interested in your talk, anxious to find out whether . . . well, whether you'd fall in with Stanismore's offer. I kept putting off the moment to spring my surprise, and then, when you turned that beast down so hard, I—well, I just felt I couldn't do it. The way you stood up for me sort of bowled me over. I—I didn't know you could still believe in me. God! You made me feel ashamed. . ."

The Heart of Alex

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HIS voice trailed off into a mournful silence. "I'm a useless creature," he resumed after a pause—"useless to you and the boy, useless to myself. I don't know why I let him go; couldn't make up my mind to tackle him, I suppose. Anyway, he went out of the tower soon after you, and when I came out—I seemed to have stayed there behind the screen for ages, fighting with myself—he'd vanished in the dark. . ."

He paused, and it was as though, against the woodland background before him, he looked once more upon the horror of that night. His eyes were fixed in a distant stare, his features contracted as if with pain.

"I thought he'd taken himself off," he continued huskily, "and there seemed nothing left for me but to go to bed. I started to walk up to the house. Half way along the path I stopped to light a cigarette. It was black as be-damned under the trees; and, as the match flamed, I suddenly caught sight of Stanismore's white face staring up at me out of the darkness. God! it was horrible! He was sprawling on his back just inside that path which

In a stricken silence she had heard him to the end. She knew that his story rang true. That he made no effort to palliate its bluntness she counted to his credit. Men were as God made them, she reflected, strong or weak, just or unjust. She might have remembered that. Was she not in part to blame for seeking figs from thistles, for wishing to see a paladin in this aimless, self-indulgent man simply because he was her husband!

Once more, as of old, in all her dealings with Frankie, she took the lead. Turning half round, her back to the woods, so as to look him in the face, she said, and her voice was rather tender:

"There's only one thing to do now. You must tell Inspector Manderton your story just as you've told it to me. He's clever and resourceful; he will clear things up. . ."

He raised his eyes to her face, those eyes which she remembered so bluely sparkling and fearless in that dead past when all the world was mad—when, side by side, they had put their horses over the jumps in the russet silence of their autumn idyl. Now she winced under the hopelessness of that regard. It was as though his spirit had died. He looked broken and abashed.

"Have it your own way," he said in a lifeless voice. "I think you're right. There's not much left for the Inspector to clear up, is there? If Dene's innocent, then only one other can be guilty. And that's—"

The sentence was never finished. At that instant a deafening report crashed out from the stiff, clipped hedge at her back. So loud and close was the explosion that instinctively she whirled about.

She was in time to see a bluish haze hanging above the dark, flat bushes and to hear the stealthy rustle of receding footsteps in the undergrowth of the Wilderness.

In bewilderment she turned to her husband, the roar of the discharge still ringing in her ears. She saw him swaying to and fro, his hands pressed to his waist, his mouth half open, his eyes glazed in an expression of terrible surprise. His cigarette, which had fallen from his lips, was sending up a thin spiral of smoke from the grass at his feet.

"Frankie!" she exclaimed in a frightened voice, and more shrilly, "Frankie!" Then she screamed and screamed again. For very slowly, like a balloon collapsing, her husband was sinking down upon his knees on the smooth, warm turf.

She flung herself down to raise him up. Already he was rocking himself from side to side in mute and awful agony before she could get her arms about him he had pitched forward on the grass. When she lifted him, cradling his head against her bosom, she saw, with a kind of dull horror, that he was breathing strangely and that his eyes were clouding over.

A distant clamor broke out across the profound hush of the gardens, and, hearing shouts and the thunder of feet, she shrieked once more, while, under her very eyes, a greyish shade seemed to fall and linger upon the lined and weary face in her lap.

So they found her presently, Dene, Manderton and the others, in that sheltered place among the birds and the flowers, where, beneath her tense and tearless gaze, Frankie Barleston's storm-tossed spirit was slowly drifting into quiet waters.

AMONG that little party in the morning-room there was one who had displayed no interest and taken no part in the hasty comings and goings subsequent to Alix Barleston's withdrawal.

Freckles was tenderly attached to her sister, and the tale of deception which the detective's brutal cross-examination had unfolded filled her with a sense of pity overwhelming all other feelings. She bore Alix no grudge for having deceived her about Ronnie. Her loyalty told her that it was not to save herself that Alix had lied and, as a very modern young woman, the romance of the midnight meeting gave her an envious thrill. But she was appalled by the gulf that suddenly yawned at her sister's feet.

And so, when Alix, white and sad, had departed in search of Frankie, Freckles, her young face deeply troubled, crept to a chair in a corner and gave herself up to her thoughts. So wholly was she absorbed by her sister's plight that every other aspect of the issue escaped her. Inevitably she was conscious of the inspector's explosive curiosity as to the whereabouts of Mr. Vroque, but it made

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She remained in silence for a spell, then she uttered a single word, "Vroque"

turns off the main walk, close to the bench in the clearing, with his face smashed in. . ."

WITH trembling fingers he groped in his pocket and produced a loose cigarette which he lit from the stump of the one he was smoking. He inhaled the smoke greedily and blew out a cloud.

"After that I don't remember what happened. I know I found myself standing at the foot of the garden stairs, wondering what I should do. I'd have gone back to town, only they'd seen me at the Bay Hotel. I must have stood at the side door for a good quarter of an hour before I could make up my mind to go upstairs. First thing next morning I was in the clearing. The body had disappeared. You don't realize what agonies of suspense I suffered all that Saturday until the body was found. When Newcombe was arrested I thought they'd got the right man. When he was cleared I began to suspect Dene; and when Dene lied himself out of the tangle Freckles had landed him into, I was convinced that he was guilty. But now—" he shook his head sombrely, and on that doubting note his tale was done.



See what remarkably tempting dishes you can serve when you bake or fry with "Silverleaf."

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Mix $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll thin; cover the bottom of muffin tins or individual pie tins and bake. Fill with lemon filling, cover with meringue and brown in a quick oven.

Light, tender pastry — with just the goodness you long for

YOU find it only in the pastry you enjoy most of all—that special appetizing flavor, that trace of delicate richness which depends on the shortening.

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No bother with packing measuring cups, or levelling off spoons; no delay, no waste, no inaccuracy with this exclusive "Silverleaf" measuring carton. Just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton and cut the exact amount you need.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Sir John Franklin

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY No. 2. — Sir John Franklin, English rear admiral, arctic explorer and colonial governor, was born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, 1786. He was appointed to command the Trent in the expedition sent out in 1818 for the discovery of a northwest passage. He made a second expedition during 1825-1827, and for his achievements was knighted in 1829. In 1845, he commanded another expedition for the discovery of the northwest passage. He had with him two ships: the Erebus and the Terror, with 129 chosen officers and men. He sailed from Greenhithe, May 19, 1845, and was last seen July 26.

Many expeditions were sent out in search of the missing boats and their crews. The relics and skeletons found later proved that Sir John Franklin and his men perished by starvation and exposure in 1847. He is entitled to the honor of being the discoverer of the Northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A monument was erected to him, 1875, in Westminster Abbey.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 3.—The article this month describes briefly the duties and qualifications required of an assistant plant pathologist in the government service.

Duties: Under direction, to undertake assigned phases of the study, regulations, and prevention of plant diseases and pests; to assist in research on plant diseases, either in the laboratory or in the field; to assist in extension work, including demonstrations, lectures and articles, relating to the control of plant diseases; on occasion to supervise the work of a small group of employees of the same or lower rank; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to graduation in science from a university of recognized standing, preferably with specialization in plant pathology; at least two years of experience as junior plant pathologist or in work of equivalent character and standard, and preferably a post graduate course in plant pathology; some knowledge of farming; research ability; good address. For this position candidates must have a knowledge of fruit-growing practices.

The Problem Department

SERIES TWO—History.

1. State two common meanings of the word history.

2. Give three reasons why everyone should read and study history.

3. How do we derive our knowledge of the life of primitive man?

4. Name the three common divisions of history.

5. Discuss the characteristic factors in the history of the modern world.

June Questions and Answers:

1. Of what practical value is a knowledge of public speaking?

Answer: A knowledge of public speaking will enable a citizen to express his views on any topic which may be exercising the minds of the public.

2. Mention three requisites of the successful public speaker.

Answer: The first essential is a knowledge of one's fellow-men; the second is a knowledge of books; and the third is a ready command of words.

3. Mention an advantage and a disadvantage in speaking from manuscript.

Answer: A manuscript enables a speaker to present his thoughts completely, logically and economically. The speaker may, however, watch his manuscript too closely and lose the attention of his audience.

4. What is the fundamental principle in the mastery of good voice quality?

Answer: Proper breathing.

5. In general, what words should receive particular emphasis?

Answer: In general, the structural words of a sentence should receive the greatest stress. Qualifying words are usually not so important as the words they modify.

Life in a Sentence

IN A single sentence, Robert Louis Stevenson gives some rules of life that will well repay careful scrutiny by the young man who is disposed to be guided and influenced by those who have lived courageously, thought deeply, and expressed themselves clearly. He writes as follows:

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Another interesting and valuable rule of life is given by Addison, who points out that a normal man should not confine himself to one way of living, but should lead a balanced life:

"To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation."

Ideas and Speech

ACCORDING to "Canadian Commercial Correspondence," (Macmillan's) there are five forms in which ideas may be conveyed by speech:

1. The Interview—a meeting between two or more persons face-to-face. The interview is commonly illustrated in the transactions of the banker and his depositor; the retail merchant and his customer; the lawyer and his client; and the salesman and the buyer.

2. The Address—a speech delivered to an audience. Examples of addresses may be observed in the speeches delivered before business clubs, the lawyer's address to a jury, the company president's address to shareholders, the arguments of political opponents, and in papers delivered before technical societies.

3. The Discussion—the agitation of a point or subject with a view to eliciting truth. All business or questions that are brought formally before a society, meeting, or organization, are subject to discussion. In the discussion, as in some other forms of speech, the speaker is concerned with:

Asking for information, or giving it;

Expressing feeling, or arousing it;

Encouraging action, or resisting it.

4. The Conference—a form of discussion used when two or more organizations desire to explore a question of common interest. As a rule, representatives are appointed who present the official views of their organizations. When a common ground, which may be a disagreement, has been established, the conference is terminated.

5. The Debate—an argument between persons of different opinions. The purpose of the debate is to persuade or convince. As the participants in a formal debate may have no choice in the side of the subject assigned to them, their opinions may be logical rather than personal.

If the speaker wishes to cause enjoyment, he will be as entertaining as he can! if he proposes to make plain some technical points, his object will be clearness; if he desires to influence feelings, he will make his remarks impressive; if he hopes for agreement with his opinions, he will strive to have his listeners believe; and, if he wants his audience to do something, he will try to secure action.

Sir Arthur Helps wrote: "There is not much that cannot be done without interviews . . . The pen may be a surer, but the tongue is a nicer instrument. In talking, most men sooner or later show what is uppermost in their minds; and this gives a peculiar interest to verbal communications. Besides, there are looks, and tones, and gestures which form a significant language of their own."

Power Paragraphs

"DO YOUR WORK—not just your work and no more, but a little more for the lavishing's sake; that little more which is worth all the rest. And if you suffer, as you must, and if you doubt, as you must, do your work. Put your heart into it and the sky will clear. Then out of your very doubt and suffering will be born the supreme joy of life."—Dean Briggs.

"Sad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do, because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God."—Phillips Brooks.

"Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book! a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers."—Charles Kingsley.

"I have told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner, I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from troubles, I pack them into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."—Robert Southey.

"To achieve what the world calls success a man must attend strictly to business and keep a little in advance of the times. The man who reaches the top is the one who is not content with doing just what is required of him. He does more. Every man should make up his mind that if he expects to succeed, he must give an honest return for the other man's dollar. Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That's about all there is in life for any of us."—Edward H. Harriman.

"That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is a law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace."—Henry George.

"A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic."—William Mathews.

An Archer is known by his aim, not his arrows.

Be silent, or say something better than silence.

He who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.

If you don't do better today, you'll do worse tomorrow.

He who would climb the ladder must begin at the bottom.

Difficulties are things which show what men are.

Life is not so short but there is always room for Courtesy.

It is not good enough to do good; one must do it in a good way.

Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing.

One who is willing to help does not wait till he is asked.

To youth I have but three words of counsel—work, work, work.

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THESE smart new cars are delightfully comfortable and roomy, yet nimble and compact in traffic. Much less expensive to own and operate—yet the sturdiest and most dependable fours Dodge Brothers have ever produced.

They are tastefully lacquered in soft pastels, thoroughly equipped, beautifully appointed and look far costlier than they actually are. The new motor is admittedly remarkable. Better than anything—regardless of type—in the low price field!

Simple, powerful and quiet—with almost unbelievable smoothness and flexibility.

Hot-spot manifold—standard gear transmission—five-bearing crankshaft—single disc clutch—balloon-geared steering—new type cylinder head—new oiling and cooling systems and many other vital refinements distinguish this greatest of four-cylinder power plants.

Drive one of these cars to-day and appreciate its amazing flow of power—its remarkable quietness and its unusual smartness of design.



DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS
MADE IN CANADA

An Outline of European Poetry

By Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S.

III. SCANDINAVIA

THE ancestral home of the blond man is the basin of the Baltic Sea. Here, perhaps thirty thousand years ago, there developed the tall, long-skulled, fair-haired, blue-eyed human type which is today termed "Nordic"; and from this centre there drifted out from time to time migrations of blond barbarians that broke with epoch-making impact upon the darker civilizations to the south and east.

Within historical times the blond inhabitants of the region have been comprehended under the term "Germanic", and subdivided on a linguistic basis into three great groups: (1) East Germanic, including the migrant Goths, long since lost by absorption in Mediterranean countries; (2) South Germanic, including the Anglo-Saxons, Dutch, Flemings, Frisians, and Germans; and (3) North Germanic, including the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Icelanders.

The North Germanic peoples, although scattered widely, are often called Scandinavians, from their ancestral home in the Scandinavian peninsula. Unconquerable energy and daring have been their age-old inheritance. The roll-call of their explorers and adventurers is a long and notable one, from Leif Erikson down to Nansen, Amundsen, Sven Hedin, Rasmussen, and (in origin) Lindbergh. To music they have given Ole Bull, Jenny Lind, and Edward Grieg. They are among the most advanced peoples in the world today; and the general level of their education is not surpassed (perhaps not even equalled) by any non-Scandinavian nation.

Old Norse Poetry

PRIOR to the year 1000 A.D., the Scandinavian peoples formed a common stock and spoke a common language known today as Old Norse. Another century saw a linguistic division into an Eastern dialect (Danes and Swedes) and a Western dialect (Norwegians and Icelanders); and still another century brought about the four-fold differentiation that we know today.

In Old Norse there was composed a most notable poetic literature, comparable in beauty and imaginative power to that of the ancient Hebrews and constituting the most majestic monument of genius erected by the early Teutonic peoples. The period of greatest poetic activity apparently coincided with that of greatest migratory expansion. In the tenth century, the Scandinavians dominated Northern France and most of the British Isles, and had colonized Iceland and Greenland. Poetry was held in high honor at the courts of kings and nobles, and a superlative degree of craftsmanship was attained by professional bards. The subject-matter of their verse was further enriched by contact with South Germanic and Celtic legends.

The most important single group of Old Norse poems is the so-called *Poetic Edda*, compiled from earlier sources by the Icelandic scholar, Saemund the Wise (1056-1133). Although most of these poems are usually assigned an origin in Iceland (but not without challenge), there are many pieces which definitely assume composition in Greenland, Ireland, Denmark, and Norway.

Framed in sonorously-clanging alliterative verse, the *Edda* mingle in rich confusion the philosophy, history, legends, and mythology of the North. One poem, *Voluspá*, for instance, gives in a series of gigantic pictures a mythic story of the universe from the creation down to a final catastrophic overthrow of the gods by the eternal forces of chaos and destruction:

The sun grows swart;
Earth sinks in the sea;
The scorching stars
Are swirled from the sky;
Reek rises foul
And raging fire
Till hot they leap
About heaven itself.

Gnomic or "wisdom" poetry also enters into the collection. A long poem called *Havamal* ("The High One's Words") is a

(EDITORS' NOTE:—This is the third in a series of six articles, written exclusively for "The Western Home Monthly," in which Professor Kirkconnell is giving a brief survey of the entire field of modern European poetry. Into this survey are set his own verse translations from all of the forty languages involved. The main purpose of the series is to interpret to Canada one aspect of the rich traditions brought to us by our citizens of European origin.)

treasury of the meditations of the Norse peoples. One of its many proverbs runs:

Little sand has
A little sea,
And little is man's mind.
No sages are seen
The same in sense,
Yet all are only shallow.

The great poetic literature of Old Norse is supplemented by a vast number of prose works, largely of the saga or story type.

Icelandic Poetry

IN the remote island of Iceland the form of the ancient language has been retained with very little change. The great period of the old poetic tradition had ended, however, by the thirteenth century, and almost all subsequent poetry of eminence has come from the stimulus of the major movements of European thought and art. Since the other Scandinavian languages had now changed radically and gone their own way, this later Norse poetry of Iceland is most fittingly termed Icelandic.

The first of the outside influences came with the Reformation. The doggerel which disgraces so much Protestant verse was here avoided in the sacred poetry of two clergymen, Hallgrímur Pétursson (1614-1674) and Stefan Olafsson (1620-1688). Pétursson was essentially a religious poet, and one of the most gifted that the world has known. The following stanzas are taken from his *Ulfararsalmur* ("Funeral Hymn"):

Flowers in the flush of sunrise,
Starring the meadowy lawns,
Fresh in their fecund beauty,
Sweet in the dewy dawns,
Wither and waste in a moment
Cut by the scythe's keen knife;
Gay jewelled petals perish—
Emblems of human life.

Death is the master mower;
Swift is the scythe's fell sweep
Swung by His unseen fingers,
Reaper of all who reap.
Grasses and flowers together
Fall to Him as He goes,
Ruthless to rank stalks ripening
And to the soft new rose.

Olafsson, on the other hand, while a great hymn-writer, was even more eminent as a secular poet. The following is one of his lyrics of lament:

Maiden Lost

Fair maid, my own,
I loved alone
In Iceland's north benighted,
I make my moan
That far has flown
The happiness we plighted.

That noble maid
A path has strayed,
A way one day shall hold me.
Her features fade
And sink to shade;
She sleeps who once consoled me.

In grief aghast
I mourn the past;
Loss stabs me to dejection.
While life shall last
My mistress chaste
Shall light my recollection.

In fashion fell
Must death compel
Her sleep in regions shady.
I here must dwell—
A long farewell
Until we meet, my lady!

No further great poetry arose until the incidence of the Romantic Movement in the early nineteenth century. The outstanding exponent of this new school was Barnhi Thorarensen (1786-1841), who

encountered the rising tide of inspiration during a visit to Copenhagen. Thorarensen's Romantic "renaissance of wonder" was in great part concerned with the Old Norse poetry, whose form and spirit he reproduced with striking power, as in his *Veturinn* ("Winter"):

Who rides so rough
By the radiant bridge
That hangs from heaven
On a snow-white horse
Whose flowing mane
Is flecked with frost,
Whose feet strike fire
From the frozen flint?

He glitters in grisly
Grey-scarred corselet,
Clinging ice-cold
To his corse-like frame;
The wind wails cold
As he wields his weapon;
The wan lights wave
From his wintry helmet.

During the last half-century, Icelandic poetry has been written by a number of gifted and scholarly poets, such as Grímur Thomsen, Benedikt Groendal, Steingrímur Thorsteinsson, Matthías Jochumsson, Stephan Stephansson, and Einar Benediktsson. The following verses of Jochumsson, dark with the Icelandic realization of an Arctic winter, will serve to represent these more recent poets:

Sea Ice

Art thou come, our country's ancient
foeman?
Thou wert ever first, for no man
Nor the sun nor ship beat thee to shore.
Silver fleet, thou sailst for our tormenting.
See the ice-hag, Helja, unrelenting
Grasping from thy prow with death-
plates hoar!
Mother Sea with freezing belly bending
Tugs in terror at her icy chains,
Groans aghast to feel her entrails rending,
Like a monster in its travail-pains.

Where is Ocean? Where her belt of blue,
Bright, brushed with silver hue?
Art thou lost, beloved source of life?
Then from babies' lips the breast is taken,
Bear and fox both scent the snow forsaken,
Hungry gnaw old carrion without strife.
Peace and prowess and fair days are ended,
Valor, strength, and genius lost from sight.
Death comes, and the dead gods' night.

Danish Poetry

IN DENMARK, as in Iceland, modern poetry begins with hymns in the seventeenth century. The founder of this modern verse was Thomas Kingo (1634-1703), Bishop of Odense, who possessed remarkable gifts and left behind a rich heritage of religious poetry. One of his greatest hymns, *Each Has His Fate*, begins:

Sorrow and ecstasy wander together,
Luck and misfortune walk ever in turn,
Mishap and happiness change like the
weather,
Sunshine and shadow inconstant sojourn.
What is earth's gold
But splendid mould?
Heaven alone can felicity hold.

In the next generation came the Danish Shakespeare, Ludvig Holberg (1684-1754), whom the Danes consider the greatest writer of Scandinavia. His amazing output included history, law, metaphysics, and above all prose comedy. His contribution to pure poetry was a minor one.

The earliest great Danismaster of the lyric was Johannes Ewald (1743-1781) who died young after a life of misfortune—thwarted in love, savagely treated by his mother, and stricken by excruciating disease. The following brief poem was penned on his deathbed:

Hero of Golgotha, arise!
Raise high thy blood-red shield!
For Sin bedims my dying eyes,
Compels my soul to yield.

In flaming wrath stretch forth thy sword
Towards him who threatens thee!
Then dash him headlong down, O Lord,
To hell, and set me free!

So shall I, saved from his control,
Fear Death no more this day;
But offer thee my rescued soul,
My body's broken clay.

O Saviour, grant me light and rest;
Yet teach me still through pain
To let thy presence fill my breast
And know that death is gain.

The next great name in Danish literature is that of Adam Oehlenschlaeger (1779-1850), the leader of the Romantic Movement in Denmark. Oehlenschlaeger turned back with flaming enthusiasm to the classical poetry of Norse antiquity. He published a long series of historical plays. He laid much of the world's literature under tribute in his sweeping sense of cosmic inspiration. The following lyric is simple but full of the genuine emotion of Romanticism:

The Pale Rider

Ah, where can all the roses be
That bloomed in youth's glad hours?—
In the prayer-book of my memory
I've pressed those faded flowers.

Each petal there is sere and wan,
Corpse-colorless and ashen:
My heart recalls the day now gone
They purpled in warm passion.

And in those petals still with rue
I feel the soft veins creeping
That once were moist with morning dew,
But now are wet with weeping.

Other great names in the Romantic generation were Carstens Hauch, Johan Ludvig Heiberg, Henrik Hertz, Christian Winther, and Frederik Paludan-Mueller. Hertz is the leading dramatist of Denmark and also a very considerable poet. His lyric, *The Meeting*, is perhaps typical:

I saw my sweetheart yesterday
With feathers gay,
With feathers gay on blue hat's array
By many a maiden fellow;
As I rode in through wood and gorse
With dog and horse,
With dog and horse in evening course
And all the wood-birds sang, sang,
With voices sweet and mellow.

Larks from the meadows trilled their
scales,
And nightingales,
And nightingales from shadowy dales
Hymned her in silvery fashion.
And in the spell of that soft song
Passed I along,
Passed I along with idle tongue?—
Ah no, ah no! I sang, I sang
For her my pain and passion.

The one outstanding figure in recent Danish poetry is Holger Drachmann (1846-1908), a man of primitive power and violence joined to intellectual depth and supreme craftsmanship. It would be impossible to compress a sense of his superb strength and beauty into brief compass. We have only room for a single strophe from one of his odes:

I hear at the midnight the clamorous
Voice of Venetian waves
That waken my weeping
As plangently sweeping
They glide through the dark towards the
glamorous
Arch of the Bridge of Sighs.
Like dwarfs of the hills their host passes
The palaces' porphyry masses
In pageant before my eyes.
One burden they bear, one sad chant they
intone,
A funeral chant for the days that have
flown;
Their plant on my stricken ear plashes:
My love, O my love, thou art ashes!

Continued on page 23



GOODYEAR

COMBINED in the new Goodyear Balloon are two great new tire features: the new balloon carcass of SUPERTWIST Cords—61% more elastic than old-style cords; more able to stand the blows of the road; and the new All-Weather balloon tread—quieter, safer, longer-wearing than any balloon tread has been before. Everywhere it is now known as “the world’s greatest tire.”

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Using the Nooks and Crannies

Taking Advantage of What Are Sometimes Waste Spaces

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE small house, planned in the first place as a small house and not a large one cut down in scale, has become a highly specialized study of the modern architect and builder; so has the apartment designed for the large city, in which space is increasingly expensive. The demand for living quarters that are compact and yet present every convenience, has succeeded in focusing attention on the clever use of every available inch of space, no matter in what odd corner it might be tucked away.

It would interest many of our readers who live in large houses, to go through some of the new houses and apartments I have made a point of examining recently. There is no blanket judgment to be passed on them, for they differ as widely as tenants' tastes and builders' ability. I could take you to one new house, complete even to the shrubbery planting and looking from the outside, very promising indeed; but within, we should say together, "Cramped! And awkward! A difficult house for the housekeeper!" Then I could lead you to another in this same delightful neighbourhood, a house no larger and perhaps considerably less in its actual cubic measurements, which would seem to promise an incredible amount of comfort and convenience. Generous closets for clothes and for linens and for the tools of housekeeping—places for everything (that seem so miraculously to help achieve "everything in its place") and yet without seeming to cut down the room sizes at all. "Every nook and cranny used!" we exclaim over such gems of house-planning. And how often we wish our own homes had been designed by the same hand.

Even those of us with rambling, old-fashioned houses, however, can examine and often imitate, step-saving devices and delightful conveniences that have grown with, or been evolved in, houses planned by clever architects or improved by clever housekeepers. And that member of the other group of the not-quite-contented—the occupant of the small house that "does not seem to have room for anything in the way of storage places for even the most constantly used things"—can find tips worth following.

One youthful pair of home builders I know, made for themselves the quaintest little gabled house that quite charmed all comers, as a very model of convenience—until a third member of the family put up small but insistent demands for proper stowing space for the innumerable tiny dresses, wraps, and pretties that the well-dressed baby possesses. There wasn't a closet in the tiny room that had so willingly given up den-ships to become the nursery; nor did it have the slightest suggestion of an alcove except that in which one rather low window was placed.

But no indulgent father could fail his trusting child in a matter such as that. When he realized that the staircase came up toward the nursery then turned to parallel its wall, he recognized in the stairwell just the possibilities he needed. That waste bit of space in the hall promptly became a part of the baby's room—just the low clothes closet that was needed. A doorway was cut in the nursery wall, revealing quite a small cavern that when lined with wall-board and fitted with a slide-out rod for the tiny hangers, and four little drawers up one side for the little knitted jackets, booties and so forth, gave ample accommodation for the most fashionable young person's wardrobe. That the floor of the closet was perhaps some eighteen inches above the floor of the room, did not matter in the least.

There remained still the little alcove with the window in it, not very useful as floor-space, for it was too narrow to take anything but a small chair. But when the clever little clothes closet had been finished, a combination window seat and deep box appeared, built right in to fit the space beneath the window; a tufted cushion made it a pleasant resting place for an odd moment, and the box became the home of all the toys and small personal belongings that were already accumulating. A low toy-box of this kind is a thing that every house in which there are

children, should possess; it occurred to me that many a mother would see in this nursery window seat, an idea she could adapt in some downstairs nook, perhaps, in which the children could be trained to drop their toys, and later on, their skates, balls and all the precious but untidy paraphernalia of childhood.

It was in a very modern apartment bathroom, that I saw the tallest and slimmest storage closet I have seen in some time. In the small apartments, the bathroom is certainly "cut to fit" the necessary built-in pieces and it was almost a surprise in this tiny one, to find that there was an almost two-foot space between the foot of the square-end tub and the wall; not vacant space, however! For the narrow closet ran from floor to ceiling. There were two doors, divided by a handy drawer. The lower door, when opened, revealed shelves for stores of soap, the soap-flakes that many people like to keep there for the rubbing out of gloves and other trifles in the basin, and other bathroom supplies and cleaners. The taller

While we are on the subject of linen closets, it might be well to discuss their greater convenience. Of course, if you happen to be one of those unfortunate housekeepers who have none at all, the first thing is of course to find some place to tuck one. Maybe you will want both the narrow towel closet that can usually be located in the bathroom—even if it cannot be permitted to run to the floor—and another narrow or shallow one in the hall, if that is all that can be placed there. I have seen such a hall closet so shallow that it would only take one pile of sheets, laid lengthwise as they are usually folded, on each shelf. But the great thing had been to find a place for sheets and pillow slips at all—and that closet less than two feet wide and about ten inches deep, was a real boon to its owner. Her towels, I remember, were temporarily housed on a set of hanging bookshelves in the bathroom, behind easy-slipping draw-curtains of bright chintz; a door for the shelves was to come later.

Of course every housewife has at the

handy electric light button to switch on however, there can always be a pocket search light. It may be necessary for mother to make clear that her linen-closet torch is not to be taken on exploratory excursions in the house or elsewhere—that it has one special job and only one! Once that fact is established, the linen shelves will be ready at all hours to yield instant service.

The lower compartment of a good sized linen closet provides excellent storage space for extra blankets and so forth. Little moth-bags can be kept in it, if the blankets are allowed to remain there long at a time.

If one is the possessor of a really generous clothes closet that could spare the space at one end for a shoe closet, it will be found a great comfort. Sometimes a shoe closet two feet or so in height, will have the usual rod and hangers above it, for short garments, or it may be continued to greater height to give space for hats. A real hat closet will bring joy to the heart of any woman. It should have some little padded hat-stands, on the principle of those the milliners use to display their captivating wares, and a small hat-brush should hang on the inside of its door. Such little conveniences take all the edge off dashing into one's clothes in a hurry, for there is much moral support in finding each piece of apparel in its appointed place and in the pink of condition.

To return to the shoe closet—sometimes space may be found for it elsewhere in the bedroom, if there is none to spare in the clothes closet. Or substitute a rack on the inside of the closet door—the handy boy of the family can make one—two rods held by end-pieces of brackets so that one will extend perhaps three inches and the other four and a half, are fastened some three inches apart, the lower rod being of course the one that extends farthest from the door; when the heels of the shoes are caught over the upper rod, the sole will rest amiably on the lower one and the shoe will be safely moored. Shoes that are always treed and kept in some such way instead of places on the closet floor, are ensured a much longer life of decency.

Related to the shoe closet is one that will commend itself to the mother who is harassed by the children's rubbers—for when the sun shines, they are apt to be untidily and annoyingly in evidence—only to have disappeared completely with the first sniff of rain in the air. A little pigeon-holed rack—without even a door—was one clever mother's solution of the difficulty; she had moved from a house that had an ample coat-closet on the ground floor, used chiefly for the children's and father's everyday out-door garments; the new house could not grant even a vestibule's open tolerance of these wearables, for the front door opened directly into the living room; however, there was a side door into a cross-hall, that fell to the children's use, and the best that could be managed was a long rack in it for coats and caps, and the set of pigeon-holes, numbered in sequence, for the rubbers. Not a too-satisfying arrangement, but one, nevertheless, that kept up carefully-instilled habits of tidiness in a vigorous young family, provided the necessary place for the often-wet winter garments, and saved mother many a nerve-racking hunt for missing rubbers and mittens, with the school bell ringing in the distance.

I have one pet cubby hole of which I must tell you here; I inherited it from the people who built my home—they had a complex for closets and storage places that I often bless, and so feel that they had some particular use for this spot that may have been far different from mine. Be that as it may, part way up my back staircase, there is a landing and a turn; the wall rises sheer as usual on the one hand, but on the other, there is a deep recess which is really over the cellar staircase; instead of being walled in and so missing a life of usefulness, the over-head part of the cellar staircase is left open from the level of the landing on the upper staircase; the landing floor is continued in this dark recess, giving me a deep nook with one open side; as it can be reached from about the third step, I

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Every housekeeper has at the back of her mind an ideal linen closet

upper door enclosed five shelves that held towels—relieving the not-over-large linen closet in the hall from charge of this one considerable item.

In this especial place, there was a laundry shoot to carry down the soiled towels. If I had no shoot nor space to hold a soiled clothes basket, I think I should make over the lower section of the bathroom closet to house the used linens. An inner door or lattice, hinged at the floor and with a hook to hold it up in position, would be necessary. It should only reach up about two-thirds of the way, leaving room for the soiled things to be thrust in over the top; on laundry day, unfastening the hook would let down the barrier and the clothes could be cleared out in a trice.

If the towel closet did not happen to appeal to you, perhaps the idea of a built-in receptacle for soiled clothes might do so; any square or three-cornered space could be utilized and if it were necessary to have it very deep because of its small floor area or to be adequate to the needs of a large household, the let-down front might be employed, working it out on the same principle as the inner door in the closet described—but running it to the cover in this case.

back of her mind, an ideal linen closet—if she has not achieved it as yet in her hall. Leaving aside the very large establishment, in which a whole room lined with protected shelves is needed to take care of the lavish supply of linens, the closet about thirty inches deep and as wide as may be required, is satisfactory; it is well to divide it into upper and lower compartments, with, if possible, separate doors. Between these doors should be a sliding countershelf, that may be drawn out to receive the laundry's output of snowy linens which may then be conveniently sorted for the different shelves. Sliding shelves in the upper compartment are a great joy—revealing their entire contents at a glance is the greatest possible insurance against being muddled.

The linen closet, perhaps more than any other, requires to be adequately lighted. But when we are on a search for the little bits of over-looked space that might be turned to useful account, we cannot hope to include all the virtues in the resulting conveniences. If there is no natural good light, then we must make one. And in any case, we have to provide for nighttime visits. The house that is electrically lighted never presents much of a problem in such cases; where there is no



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European Poetry

Continued from page 20

Norwegian Poetry

ALTHOUGH the Norwegian language was clearly differentiated as early as the twelfth century, we find no great Norwegian poetry before the nineteenth century, and even then the language used is not the vernacular of the country but a Norwegian adaptation of Danish. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that from 1397 to 1814 Norway was under the control of Denmark and often little more than a poor province of the latter. A familiar parallel may be found in the state of Lowland Scotch literature in the vernacular during the centuries after the political capital passed to London with the Stuarts. Norwegian men of genius, such as Holberg, made their mark in the Danish capital; and their achievements in the dominant language tended to depress Norwegian more and more to the level of a dialect.

The first stirrings of a distinctively Norwegian literature followed the arrangement of 1814 whereby Norway became subject to the Swedish crown and nominally (though very far from practically) an independent nation. National poetry then began with the passionate violence and power of Henrik Wergeland (1808-1845), a born radical, suckled on the milk of the French Revolution and reared on a hatred of alien traditions in culture. The vehemence of his lyrical genius helped to make clear-cut the breach with Danish literature; but his ardently patriotic poetry, though popular with his countrymen, is often crude and empty. The following little poem, *To My Wallflower*, written on his deathbed, represents more happily his lyric gift unmarred by propaganda:

Wallflower, ere you have lost your bloom,
I shall be that from which all things come.
Yes, ere you lose your mitre of gold,
Shall I be mould.
Raise up the window beside my bed!
My last glance shall rest on your golden head.
My spirit shall kiss you as wistfully
It issues free.

I give you that kiss as I pass to the night.
Yours is the first, dear, by every right.
Do not forget that the next one goes
To my budding rose.

I shall not see her in full-blown flower;
Therefore come tell me in that glad hour;
For I desire that on my tomb
Her beauty bloom.

Yes, I beseech you, upon my breast
Lay the red rose that your kiss has prest,
And, golden gilly, be, at Death's porch,
Our bridal torch.

The inartistic excesses of Wergeland were corrected by his greatest contemporary, Johan S. C. Welhaven (1807-1873), a man of the broadest European culture, who sought to keep his country in the full stream of Continental thought. He realized, as Wergeland did not, that isolation from the intellectual life of Europe would only narrow and stultify the literature of Norway. One of his poems, *The Poet's Soul*, indicates the conscientious austerity of his artistic ideals. It begins:

What words can never render
Though ranged in richest speech,
Even the inscrutable—
That shall the poet teach.

In strictest verbal structure,
Through rigid rule of thought,
Is reared the free Idea
The poet's soul has caught.

Through travails of spirit
The stanza grew to birth.
The ore of speech was molten
With fire not of earth.

His soul transfuses language
Like perfumes that arise
When the rose-buds of Eden
Open in paradise.

And though that essence baffles
The probing hand of prose,
Its presence lingers subtly
Like fragrance on the rose.

In the latter part of the century, Norway's greatest poets were Henrik Ibsen

Continued on page 24



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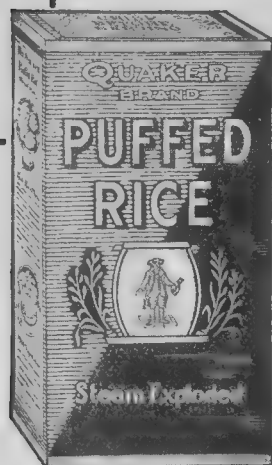
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Quaker PUFFED RICE

European Poetry

Continued from page 23

(1828-1906) and Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson (1832-1910). The former was one of Europe's greatest creative intellects, the supreme dramatist of the nineteenth century and one of the most seminal minds of all time. Though his most important work was done in prose drama, three of his poetic dramas, *Love's Comedy*, *Brand*, and *Peer Gynt*, are extraordinary achievements. In so brief a sketch, we can do no more than quote one of his brief lyrics, *With a Water Lily*:

See, my Mary, what I bring you:
White-winged flowers I gaily fling you,
Blooms that on the June brook lying
Dreamt white dreams of beautifying.

Would you give them sanctuary?
Lay them in your bosom, Mary.
Let the gentle petals pillow
On your breast's soft-heaving billow.

Child, beware deep sleeping waters,
Dangerous to sons and daughters,
Where the Nixie, darkly hiding,
Drowns 'mid lilies the confiding.

Child, your breast is sleeping water;
Dangerous its unseen plotter.
Well I know that Nixie's luring
Would engulf me past all curing.

Ibsen's coeval giant, Bjoernson, was born in the mountains of the north and was saturated in spirit with the ancient sagas of the Scandinavian peoples. Amazingly prolific in novels, plays, and political oratory, he is at the same time the greatest lyric poet of Norway. Music, spontaneity, and simple tenderness are his pre-eminent qualities. The following stanzas are taken from his *Yes We Love*, which has become the national poem of Norway:

Yes, we love with deep emotion
These far-furrowed fields
Rising from the wind-ploughed ocean
With the homes it shields.
Yes, we love this land, and ponder
Those who gave us birth
And the storied past, as yonder
Dreamtime sinks o'er earth.

We have fought with evil powers;
We were crushed and torn;
But we saw in darkest hours
Blue-eyed Freedom born.
Thence came strength to bear the galling
Stress of dearth and war;
Thence came honor to the falling;
Peace not known before.

Norseman, patriot of this nation,
Praise thy God with might,
Who has brought our land salvation,
Cosmos out of night!
All for which our sires have striven,
Weeping mothers prayed,
Has the Lord in mercy given,
Crowned us, unafraid.

The poetry of Norway has had a briefer record than that of the sister-countries, but a people who can boast of a Wergeland, a Welhaven, an Ibsen, and a Bjoernson have just cause for national pride.

Swedish Poetry

SWEDISH poetry has differed profoundly from that of the rest of Scandinavia in its harmonious volubility, its spirit of cosmopolitan paganism, and its sympathy with the art and poetry of Italy. Sweden has played a more masterful part in the affairs of Europe than her Norse neighbors, and these contacts with a wider world have made her verse less parochially pietistic.

There was a Swedish Renaissance movement, with Stjernhjelm (1598-1672) as its greatest figure; and a neo-Classical or Augustan period, which culminated with Olof von Dalin (1708-1763). With the Romantic Age came the country's supreme poet, Esaias Tegner (1782-1846), professor of Greek in the University of Lund, who wrote lyrics of romantic charm and consummate beauty. The following verses begin his *Poet's Morning Psalm*:

Sun that soars serene
Over summits red,
Once again is seen
Thy translucent head.
I will adore
With all who homage render.
Hear, I implore,
Sire of song and splendor!

Take me on thy flight
Of radiant daily duty!
Show me from the height
Worlds of perfect beauty!
Let those divine
Visions caught on high
Ever be mine,
Fill my mortal eye!

A younger contemporary, the Keats of Sweden, was Erik Johan Stagnelius (1793-1823), who died at the age of thirty without having published any of his truly remarkable work. The following is one of his lyrics:

A Girl to Her Lover
The dreary day is dying,
On night's dark bosom lying,
And round it evening, sighing,
Spreads her pale starry hair.
All earth is melancholy,
And I, just now so jolly,
Am fearful beyond folly—
Stay, dear, or I despair!

All things to rest aspire;
Cold silence grows entire;
The night climbs ever higher;
And darkness deepens down.
The weird lights wanly quiver;
Dark mists rise from the river;
How fearful would I shiver
If I were left alone!

Ah, warm me with thy ardor!
Night makes my heart beat harder;
Fears of the grave's gaunt guarder
Fill me with chill alarms.
Let joy's warm torch be lighted!
Nor let my plea be slighted!
Let my poor frame affronted
Sleep in thy circling arms!

An interesting development of Swedish poetry took place in Finland, where Swedish was spoken by a large number of the population. Here appeared the striking poet, Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804-1877), leader of a great poetic movement among the Swedo-Finns. The following is one of his brief pieces:

Idle Wish

The numberless waves are straying
On the sea's broad gleaming way.
O would I with them were playing,
A billow 'mid ocean's spray!—
Freed from my deep dejection,
So carelessly, coolly sped,
Untouched by the recollection
Of happiness darkly fled.

But if I were so transported,
Alas, I were still the same!
In life I am here escorted
By waves in their careless game.
In all of earth's woes unconcerning,
With tears and with smiles they play;
But I have my heart still burning,
Ah, would I had none, as they!

In recent Swedish literature, such giants as Strindberg and von Heidenstam have been most noted in fields other than poetry. The one great modern lyricist has been Gustaf Froeding (1860-1911), a man of intense emotion, profound melancholy, and a genuine gift of lyrical expression. One of his darker moods is brought out in his poem, *The Stranger*:

His youth was over, for his hair was grey,
And his bent figure told of burdens borne;
Life from his cheeks had stol'n life's bloom
away,
And time upon his brow deep lines had
worn.
Ever his withered lips were folded fast
As if to guard a sorrow of the past.

Sometimes he wanly smiled as if to cloak
A grief whose pangs consumed his tortured
heart,
But through his eyes his cold despair still
spoke:
My life, alas, has passed from joy apart.
My ship is burnt, my weapons shattered
lie;
I live indeed, but live in days gone by.

But this sense of the darker side of life is not peculiar to Froeding. It marks again and again the work of Scandinavian poets. Nature in the North is often grim and forbidding; and her nurslings, even in their most magical outbursts of song, cannot long forget the winter glooms of realms that reach within the Arctic Circle.

Using the Nooks and Crannies

Continued from page 22

devote the first part of it to tins of floor wax and a box of polishing cloths, silver polish and its attendant cloths and chamois, stain removers, furniture polish—things that are obviously not required so often that the few steps need prove no objection; the rest of my big wall-cavern is filled with empty boxes of every size and description; every box that comes into the house in good condition, goes in there; the result is that I can never be stuck for a container of practically any size and type—even to a collection of small boxes in a large one, that I shall cover with fancy papers, silver and gilt and holly patterned, to make gift-boxes next Christmas time.

To progress to more conventional parts of the house—have you a longing for a place for your more precious china—and perhaps a hidden love for the old-time corner cupboard? Then figure out the space in your dining room carefully. Are there, perchance, two corners that are never really occupied even by a pushed-back chair? If so, would you like two balanced corner cupboards in them? If you were very careful about the design, these cupboards might add very greatly to the attractiveness of your room, and without depriving you of space that had been of any real service, give you plenty of accommodation for your treasures of china and glassware.

Bookshelves, too, can often make such excellent use of a shallow alcove—a mere irregularity in the wall; sometimes there is the semblance of a slight recess where none actually exists on each side of the fireplace; on the wall of average length, that will just afford nice space for some shelves at each side. Perhaps you will not need many—just two or three low ones, in which case you can finish them with a top shelf, stained or painted to match the woodwork, and you will have a low place for flower bowls, ornaments, pictures in easel frames—what you will; there is often a charm to low-topped shelves of this kind, that is quite out of the ordinary.

Sometimes there are large units of space, that might be turned to better account; many a big kitchen, for instance, that would spare a delightful breakfast nook, with a long narrow table and benches or even hinged let-down seats upon the walls, painted attractively. These little alcoves may often be great step-savers for the less formal meals, or for the children's meals.

An occasional very large dining room will have a big bay window or a recessed fireplace, that affords ample space for a little drop-leaf or gateleg table, much cosier and more easily set than the large table, for the luncheon or breakfast for a reduced number of the family; you might be surprised at the use you would have for a more casual table sometimes.

So taking the matter of the possible waste spaces in even the well-planned and well-run house quite seriously for the moment—my advice is, if you have a Heart's Desire in the way of a special place for this or that, go searching for a nook or cranny that might serve your purpose. If you have a corner here or an alcove there that does not seem to have any particular purpose in life, give a little thought to what it might, with cultivation, become. Many a home has been transformed both as to convenience and appearance, by the well-thought-out uses for spaces that might so easily have meant nothing.

None of the recent stories about the young runaway girls can compare with the old one about the little boy who walked away from home for about an hour, felt lonesome, and walked back into the room where his parents, who hadn't even missed him, were sitting. 'Well,' he said, 'I see you've got the same old cat.'

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard it oft before—
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.

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A RECENT request for a legal opinion from the writer made in connection with a certain Joint Stock Company has prompted us to write on this subject for the month of August.

A group of individuals, with the idea of building a large community hall, incorporated themselves into a limited liability company with a capital of \$100,000.00, divided into 20,000 shares of \$5.00 each. A certain number of shares were sold, but finally the project fell flat. The writer questioned some of the promoters to find out the cause of the failure and amongst some of the reasons advanced was the one that a number of the shareholders thought themselves to be personally liable for all the debts of the company, including a large sum of money due on property purchased for the erection of the building. In spite of many arguments they were unable to disassociate themselves from the idea that as they constituted the company they were responsible for its debts. However praiseworthy this view might be from the moral standpoint it is erroneous in point of law; for whenever a shareholder has paid in full for shares purchased by him he is under no further liability to the company.

What is the value of a joint stock company and why is such a plan so largely resorted to, particularly by business men? The main reason is the limited liability feature. In a partnership all partners are liable jointly for the debts of the firm, and if the assets of the firm are not sufficient to meet the liabilities the private funds of the individual partners may be attached to satisfy the firm's creditors. In a joint stock company this cannot happen if the shares are paid in full. Very often an individual might wish to promote a business for himself or lend money to a business already established. In either case it would be very desirable for him to ascertain beforehand the exact amount in which he would be obligated if the investment turned out to be disastrous. This he can do by purchasing shares in the company, and paying for them in full. In this way not alone is money invested by its owner with a full knowledge of the extent of his liability but an impetus is given to the creation of business enterprises beneficial alike to individual and community.

Moreover in a partnership, if any of the partners should die, unless the written partnership agreement otherwise provides, the partnership at once ceases to function, and the same rule applies if any of the partners should become insane or be declared a bankrupt. None of these incidents effect the continuance of a joint stock company, no matter what number of shares are held by the deceased or bankrupt. In other words the existence of a joint stock company is perpetual in the sense that it continues indefinitely until it is either wound up or goes out of existence of its own accord.

Upon the incorporation of a company, those who subscribe are allotted shares representing the amount of money which they choose to invest. These shares have a marketable value and can be disposed of in open market if the company is of a substantial nature and has progressed since its institution. Take for instance stock in such companies as Canadian Pacific Railway or Massey-Harris. Shares in these companies can be sold as readily as butter can be purchased in the corner grocery. A purchaser of such stock may therefore dispose of it during his lifetime or by his will just as easily as he might dispose of land without interfering with or injuring the business of the company. Furthermore it is always possible in a well established company to obtain an advance of money by pledging the stock as security.

Suppose the reader desired to borrow money from an individual and could only do so by pledging stock as collateral security, what rights would the lender acquire? In the first place, the pledgor, i.e., the borrower, would actually have to deliver the stock pledged and the pledgee, i.e., the lender, would have to safeguard it

so that he would be in a position to return it whenever the pledgor was able and willing to pay up the amount of the loan. The pledgee is only liable if he is guilty of negligence in looking after the stock pledged with him.

The lender has the right to hold the securities so pledged against all persons who have not a superior right to the borrower, and he has a further right to sell the securities in the event of default. At one time it was thought that the lender could sell at any time without giving notice to the borrower, but if this was ever the right opinion it has since been altered. The only time a lender can sell is if a certain date is fixed for the duration of the loan. If it is given for an indefinite period "the lender may terminate the credit by giving notice to the debtor to pay on a certain day, and that upon default to pay on that day the pledgee may sell the pledge." There is not known at law any case in which "the power of sale of a pledge has been held to arise in a case where no day has been fixed by the creditor for payment." As one Judge has well remarked, "If stock in itself made the security for money and the day appointed for payment is passed, the mortgagee may at once proceed to sell the stock and repay himself principle and interest, without any notice and without commencing an action for foreclosure."

Answers to Queries

Port Hammond, B.C.

(Q)—Will you kindly inform me which course I would have to proceed to get the following covered by a patent:

I have developed a drive for conveyors, elevators, saw-mill carriages, or any other movable machinery which has to reverse. The total requirements are: one D.C. generator, two D.C. motors with controls, one gear set, and one drum. All parts taken as a separate unit are standard makes, but the total combination with control have, to my knowledge, never been applied anywhere, but would have a great advantage over most equipments used at the present day, which tests have proven.—F. G. B.

(A)—In applying for a patent the primary test is invention, and the question as to whether there has been invention is one of fact in each case. A new and useful combination of well-known materials or devices which produces a result not theretofore obtained is a proper subject of patent. The combination itself constitutes the novelty and merit of the invention and can be patented where the elements are brought together in such a way as to differ from any previous combination.

A patent is void if the invention has been in public use or sale anywhere with consent or allowance of the inventor for more than one year prior to his application for patent. File your application with Commissioner of Patents at Ottawa. As the patent specifications and drawings are technical you probably should obtain the services of a patent attorney for your protection.

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q)—Before my husband died he gave a mortgage to "A". I did not join in the mortgage. "A" now threatens to foreclose the mortgage if I do not pay it. Can he do this? I have heard that I have a Dower interest in the land and that he cannot foreclose it.—Widow.

(A)—If you had lived on the property as your home before your husband mortgaged it, "A's" mortgage is probably invalid. But you must take proceedings promptly to have it set aside. If the property has not been your "homestead" within the meaning of the Dower Act, the mortgage is likely valid. In any case "A" is a creditor of your husband's estate and can claim payment out of the estate. No matter what disposition your husband has made by will, you may claim one third of his net estate after payment of his debts, including "A's" mortgage.

Low Mortality.

The Great-West Life selects its risks with extreme care.

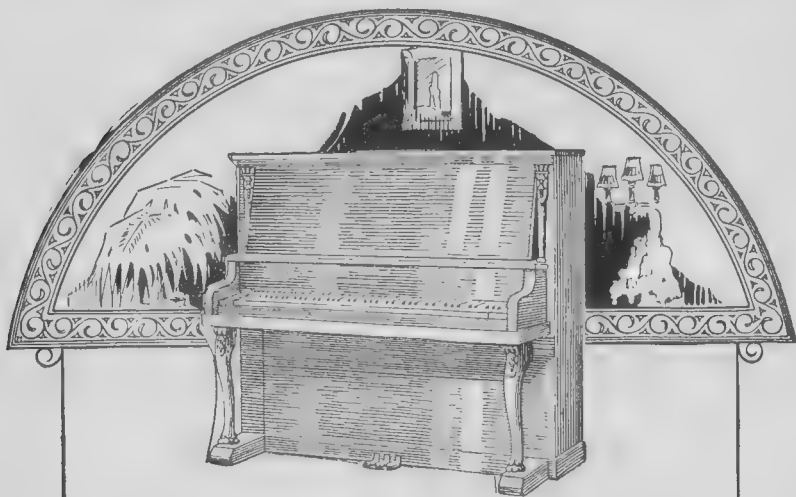
Its low mortality contributes to the liberal profits enjoyed by participating policyholders, **THUS REDUCING THE ACTUAL COST OF PROTECTION.**



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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

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Maximum
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Cost.

30



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VERY often the general public are asked to purchase securities of some large public utility or commercial undertaking which has acquired a national reputation. The securities are of various kinds, and the prospective purchaser is sometimes puzzled to know just what type of security he is being offered. Terms such as first mortgage bonds, debentures, preferred stock, common stock, no par value stock are used with fluency by salesman who do not always spend time in explaining the difference in the value of each type of security.

The usual method of floating a new enterprise is to issue three classes of securities, usually designated as first mortgage twenty year sinking fund bond, preference and common stock. A first mortgage twenty year sinking fund bond is really an undertaking by the company to pay within a definite period a certain sum of money, together with interest as agreed upon. This bond is protected by a real estate mortgage on all the lands and buildings of the company, and by a chattel mortgage on all of the moveable property. It is usually accompanied by a trust deed, whereby some well known and reputable trust company is appointed and undertakes to look after the interests of the bondholders.

In financing such a proposition much will depend upon the nature of the trust deed. The deed may contain any number of conditions which are obligatory upon the company, but it should in any event embody provisions for the mortgaging of the property, either by way of a real estate mortgage or by a chattel mortgage, with the right remaining in the company to keep possession of the mortgaged premises until the security falls into default; for the giving of covenants by the company to carry on the business, to keep proper books of account, to give the trustee full information at all reasonable times as to its development, to permit inspection of the books of account, to pay the principal and interest as agreed upon, to pay taxes, to keep the buildings and plant insured, and to maintain the security in good condition. It should further provide that out of the profits a certain sum of money should be laid aside each year by way of sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds. If the company should fail to perform any of its undertakings as covered by the trust deed, the trustee has the right, and must exercise it, of assuming control of the company after giving the required notice, and of acting generally on behalf of the bondholders.

The question often arises as to the right of the company to issue further securities in priority to the first mortgage bonds. This can only be done if the trust deed permits and only if the specific conditions of the deed are scrupulously followed. For instance, in one case which the writer examined, the company was bound to complete its buildings and plant by a certain date, and if it should fail to do so the trustee was granted the right to complete the construction, and for this purpose to utilize all unused funds, and to obtain other funds if necessary. In this event the trustee was granted a prior lien over the bonds to the extent of the money advanced, together with interest and a reasonable compensation to the trustee for obtaining the money for the completion of the building. Moreover, the trustee usually provides that if a certain percentage of the bondholders consent to the question of a new security in priority to the bonds, upon the obtaining of such consent the bonds will lose their priority.

At this stage a word of warning to the investor is necessary. Do not think that because a bond is described as a first mortgage bond it is thereby gilt-edged. In the final analysis a bond is valuable, not because it is so described, but because the property mortgaged is of sufficient value to cover the amount of the bonds outstanding in case default should be made. If a property is worth \$100,000.00, and bonds outstanding exceed this amount, obviously the security is most

doubtful. In the same manner one often runs across the phrase "Dividends guaranteed". This in turn means nothing unless the guarantee itself possess some real intrinsic value. Do not, therefore, be deluded in purchasing securities where the dividends are guaranteed without first ascertaining the exact nature of the guarantee.

Preference shares rank next in point of security. After the requirements of the bondholders are satisfied profits available for distribution must be used in paying the dividends on the preferred stock. The payments of dividends may be "cumulative," that is, if the dividend is in arrears the common stock holders do not obtain any dividend until all the arrears due the preferred shareholders are paid. Or again, the profits may be subject to the preferred and common holders being each granted a certain percentage, and the balance being distributed equally. Usually preferred shareholders have no right to vote unless the dividends are in arrears for a specific period. As soon as the arrears are paid up they again lose the right of voting until default re-occurs.

The common shares rank third in point of security, and really depend for their value upon the success of the company. Suppose, for instance, a company is capitalized at \$500,000.00, divided into \$100,000 6% first mortgage bonds, \$100,000 6% preferred stock and \$300,000 common stock. Out of the profits of the concern the bondholders and preferred holders will each be entitled to \$46,000.00. Unless there are contrary provisions the remainder of the profits will be available for distribution amongst the common shareholders. If the company makes \$150,000.00 and allows \$10,000.00 to be put in reserve, this would leave \$28,000.00 to the common shareholders, or something over 9%. The right of voting is generally vested in the common shareholders except as stated above.

The month of July saw the bonds of Canadian Federation knit more closely than ever. Throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion a spirit of thanksgiving and optimism lent support (if that were necessary) to the view that this Canada of ours is destined to play one of the most important roles in the history of the Empire. We have celebrated the federation of the Canadian provinces, and we are now awakening to the realization of the peculiar ties which bind us to the Motherland and to the Sister Dominions. In the past we have suffered too much from isolation, resulting in ignorance and prejudice, but every day sees the distance annihilated and prejudice obliterated.

Nothing has done more to bring this into reality than the activities of the institutions which have had their origin in Canada, and have extended their operations to other parts of the Empire. Foremost amongst such is the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. On July 1st in London, England, the corner stone of the new building of this Company was well and truly laid by the president, T. B. McAuley, who was able assisted by the Canadian High Commissioner, Honourable P. C. Larkin, in the presence of a large and representative gathering of English and Canadian government representatives and officials of the Company from every part of the Dominion.

In the same sense as the new building of the Company is erected in the very heart of the Empire so has the Company enshrined itself in the hearts of many of its policy holders throughout the Empire. It is certainly most fitting that when Canada is celebrating its jubilee, at the same time one of its institutions, established even before the days when confederation was thought of, should perpetuate its existence in the very heart of the British commonwealth of nations. It augurs well that such an institution, an infant ere the Dominion was an infant, will develop in proportionate strength, and will continue in like measure to advance as the Dominion itself advances.

We Amaze Men

With this shaving cream, whatever they expect



Dear Sirs:

It's hard to make you realize that the five superiorities of Palmolive Shaving Cream aren't just "selling talk." They sound too good to be true. Yet they've tempted millions to ask for samples.

On that sample our whole case rests. We let you prove to yourself that our claims are justified.

And we do make good. Even the most skeptical are amazed. And they are greater advertisements for Palmolive Shaving Cream than anything we know.

It took years

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensational success. Few creations ever won so quickly such multitudes of boosting friends.

We knew that any shaving cream to win today must excel all others. First we learned the 5 things that

men wanted. Then we worked for years, experimenting. 129 formulas failed—the 130th is the Palmolive Shaving Cream you get when you send for the sample. All our knowledge of soap, gained in a lifetime of study, has gone into this shaving delight.

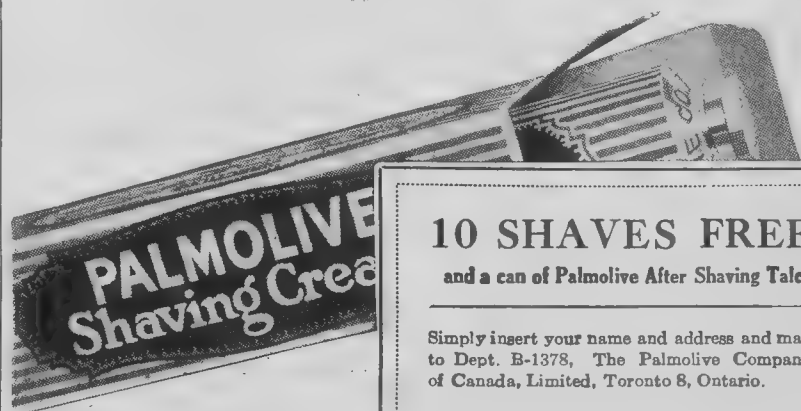
5 exclusive features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
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and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Tale

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School begins **September 14th** For Calendar apply to Principal
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Correspondence Courses in Academic and Commercial Grades. Special attention to
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A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS FROM 9 TO 18

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Offers, among others, the following
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TURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
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and other information, apply to
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Primary to Honour Matricu-
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For calendar write to the
Principal
Ernestine R. Whiteside, B.A.
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The Golden Anklet

Continued from page 13

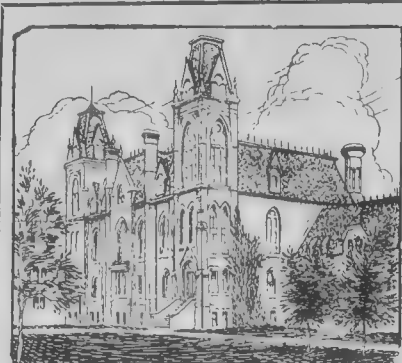
feel a vandal and a spy. Yet what innocent accusers—a pair of slippers—nothing else! Tiny rose-colored slippers flaunting the greenest of peacocks on either toe!

A BAD time followed for Gerhard. He forgot his mission, heard no more the voice of the Jade Drum. The golden anklet had dropped out of memory. Weavers and their art faded into insignificance. Neither silks, nor gold, nor precious ivories had any further appeal for him. Days on end he roved the streets of Damascus hoping to catch sight of a little figure that should at once betray a certain sweet identity by the rosy petals that were her feet. Rose-colored slippers—there was his clue! That was all he had to watch for. But alas, he was forced to believe that this was a season for the romantic shade. Dozens and dozens of rose-colored toes jeered at him as the days dragged on. The silly things were every place! Fat women, thin women, large women, little women everywhere; and all shod in those red slippers! He grew surly at sight of them, cursing the East more than ever for its lack of ingenuity. These unvarying blue bundles padding up hill and down were an abomination—daughters of Lilith every one! Ibrahim grinned his approval, thinking much better of his master now that he had swept by the ignoble sex with no more than a contemptuous glance. Poor Ibrahim! How was he to know that all this wise contempt was only for their slippers? Ridiculous travesties; eternally alike—never a pair with emerald peacocks on the toes. Poor Ibrahim truly; disillusionment followed all too fast.

The great Sahib succumbed of a sudden to the weakness of lesser men and could think of nothing but the weaver's granddaughter. There was no end to his questions—Allah, the Omniscient, could not have answered them! Ibrahim took the blow like the good fatalist he was. Kismet! Kismet! Such was the folly of man. But, discretion became a passion with him. He knew nothing of the girl; had heard nothing; could discover nothing. But why should the great Sahib trouble? The girl was a waif of the night. The city was full of such. Commonsense concurred, yet the statement angered Gerhard. Ibrahim was an imaginative, evil-minded idiot! No girl of the streets possessed such a voice; behaved so modestly; radiated such charm. Ibrahim was nothing but an accursed fool! Ibrahim acknowledged it. Why argue with a madman? Wisdom was for the great; loyalty for the humble. All he could do—Allah confound stupidity—was to see that the Sahib's offering of fruits and sweetmeats reached the weaver's dwelling. And Gerhard, who all his life had done as he pleased, gotten what he wanted, had to be content with that. Shrugging at his folly he hoped, if nothing better, that the horrible old hag enjoyed the delicacies for which Damascus was justly famous. He owed her something, he fancied, by way of reparation.

The days dragged on in tiresome succession. The girl was swallowed up in mystery and not a clue could he discover. No matter where he went; how he haunted the tanner's lot, he got no single glimpse of her. Not infrequently the old woman had seen him and fled—more cautions, he surmised, than afraid. And once he fancied she had smiled at him her toothless grin as she scuttled past. It seemed as hopeless a quest as it was foolish. But, he had determined to find her and find her he would. Where aggression had failed patience would succeed; he would search no

Continued on page 29



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Offers Lectures in Arts and Theology
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Rev. G. A. Wells, C.M.G., M.A., Warden

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Michaelmas Term opens Sept. 14th.

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Social Work in Canada appeals for
a larger number of capable and
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The two year Diploma Course of the
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a challenging vocation.

Write to the Director for announce-
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Manitoba Agricultural College

Announces
Winter Sessions

Courses for young women
Degree Course opens October 10
(Matriculation necessary)

Diploma or Practical Course in
Sewing, Cookery, etc., opens Oct. 18
(A Public School Education will admit)

Write for the calendar outlining the
above courses and the courses for
young men in Agricultural Science
opening Oct 10 and Nov 1

W.C. McKillican, Dean

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For boys and girls, young men and young
women. Public and High School courses, Com-
mercial, Music, Art, Expression, Special com-
bined courses. Staff of 18 teachers. Individual
attention, supervised study; cultural and
moral training, Christian atmosphere; outdoor
and indoor sports. Rates, including board,
tuition and laundry, school year \$465.00. Fall
term September 7th. Write Registrar, Mount
Royal College, Calgary, Alberta.

The Golden Anklet

Continued from page 28

more but wait, and by waiting wear out her caution.

So, with nothing better to do, he began to haunt the shops of the goldsmiths, and the workers in jade and ivory. There was a strange fascination about those queer old places that captured the imagination. The dusky artisans squatting in the dimness above their precious labor seemed like so many patient idols, partakers of a sacred rite, and the tuneful chorus of tiny hammers beating out the treasures of earth the fittest music.

Gerhard appreciated their labor; loved art, as all the Amuers had. Many a tired eye grown dim through slavish fidelity to minute patterns brightened at his intelligent interest. For his many purchases they praised Allah! For his understanding they accepted and esteemed him. A great Sahib with the fine perception of a True Believer! Generous he certainly was in his appraisal of their art, whether old or new. Yet, as he told Moosa the master goldsmith, the ancient designs pleased him the best. Thereafter many curious heirlooms found their way to the dim bazaars. But though he admired a hundred anklets, such as the houris of Paradise might readily covet, he never discovered a single one with bells to sing of happiness. Nowhere was one resembling in anywise the Amuer anklet. Gillebrand had been a connoisseur in more ways than one! It was strange, for Gerhard learned that certain patterns were repeated from generation to generation; the father passing on his art to the son with mechanical fidelity and precision. Rings, amulets, bracelets turned out by the little brown men of today were much the same as the ones of many centuries ago. Why, then, should the jewellers of Damascus have lost the pattern of that rare Amuer anklet? Gerhard decided to refer the mystery to Moosa. With that purpose in mind he pocketed the mysterious trinket one late afternoon and sauntered down to the cluttered shop of the master goldsmith. As usual Moosa received his visitor with the extreme of Oriental politeness.

"The peace of Allah upon you, Sahib," the old man bowed gravely, "and length of days."

"Upon you also, Father," Gerhard responded with equal gravity, for he liked the old goldsmith and his quaint old-world ways. "Peace and happiness and deserved profits!"

"Allah gave the Sahib a great heart,"

"Perhaps," laughed the visitor, his nose buried in a case of rare jewels. "A good enough heart, Father Moosa, but not much understanding."

"The Sahib jests. Yet if there is something the humble Moosa knows which might benefit the Sahib. . . ."

For answer Gerhard drew from his pocket the golden anklet, flinging it carelessly upon old Moosa's work-scarred designing stool. The effect was electrical. Moosa backed away as if he had suddenly been confronted by a spirit.

"Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah," he whispered fearfully. "Mohammed resoul Allah!" Then he stumbled toward the amazed Gerhard and dropped to his knees. "Sahib, Sahib," he groaned, "had I but known! A very great Sahib—no true infidel that we know. But this—! Ahi, Beneficent, had I suspected you walked in the favor of Mohammed, my tongue had not erred in its utterance. Blind that I am; too much have I charged for the jade monkey! The gold is not of the best. . . ." In the midst of Moosa's apologies Gerhard caught sight of a little blue-cloaked figure tripping round the corner. Very bright was the flash

Continued on page 43

BUILT for SLEEP



Chateau Bed

With turned spindles in a Graceline frame. Finishes, walnut, mahogany or art colors.

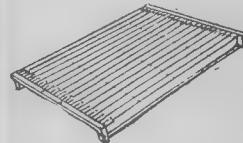
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Slumber King

Noiseless—clean. No rough corners. As comfortable for two as for one.

\$12



"Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness."

—Wordsworth.

Do you know the joy of restful sleep?

COMplete rest—the perfect relaxation of every nerve and muscle. The dreamless slumber that leaves you smiling and refreshed. Do you know its joy?

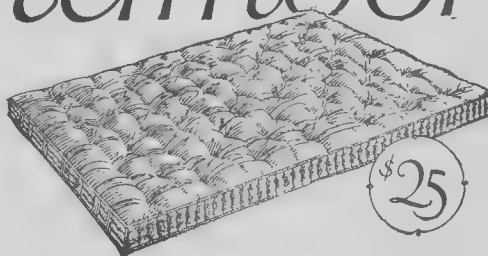
Restful sleep is possible only with correctly designed sleeping equipment. Your bed, spring, mattress and pillows must be built for sleep. One night's rest—one perfect period of sleep—will convince you of the quality of the

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS.

Every curve of your body is supported, your spine and limbs rest easily. If you would know the pleasure of perfect sleep and greet the morning rested and refreshed, sleep on an OSTERMOOR.

For fifty years the OSTERMOOR has proven that it costs less to buy a mattress that lasts so long. Built of the finest materials for perfect rest.

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Beauty Sleep Pillow

A soft, feathery pillow, giving a lifetime of healthful sleep comfort. In factory-sealed beauty box—\$5.

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For information on architecture, medicine, law, it is to the expert that you go—to those who by lifetime study and years of practical experience have become best fitted to render authoritative decisions.

The same thing applies to mouth hygiene. Here is a highly delicate and technical science. Only practicing dentists should settle questions relating to it.

So when E. R. Squibb & Sons decided that they wanted a definite statement regarding the cause and prevention of tooth decay and gum infections, it was to the dental profession they turned. Through a world-famous research institution they caused these questions to be asked of 50,000 dentists. Here is the opinion of the experts:

95% of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

95% of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.

85% state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to counteract the acids in your mouth. It reaches all those tiny remote pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing

Guard The ————— Danger Line

decay, reducing the peril of gum infections, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system. Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit to injure the delicate gum tissues at The Danger Line. It is safe in the tender mouths of children.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly—relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums—contains no grit or abrasive. It is delicately flavored and pleasant to use.

Start now to protect your teeth and gums correctly—especially at The Danger Line. See your dentist regularly—and use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia 45c. a large tube.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Federated Women's Institute

MANITOBA CONVENTION

The Annual Convention of the Manitoba Women's Institutes was held at the Manitoba Agricultural College, on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

The Convention opened with the President's address by Mrs. W. H. T. Peak of Transcona, in which she spoke very enthusiastically of the future for the Institute movement. Mrs. Peak put forth a plea for better homes for our boys and girls. "That we should have real homes is one of the chief aims of our organization," said Mrs. Peak, "and let us not forget that 'No. 1 Hard Wheat' is not the most valuable product of our province, but boys and girls of a sturdy, clean, intelligent type are the finest crop this, or any other country can produce."

The Director's report showed that the Institutes have been working progressively. Four new Institutes were granted charters during the past year. The interest shown in the programme competition was very gratifying and the programmes which were entered were of a very high order, showing that they had been planned with vision and forethought. The district organizations have been improved and strengthened and are supplying a definite need. The conveners of Standing Committees have also been doing excellent work.

Mrs. McKillican welcomed the delegates very cordially, and made them feel very much at home. Mrs. A. S. Williams of Great Falls replied fittingly. Mrs. John Bracken extended greetings to the Institutes from the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg. An instructive address on the care of the mentally defective in our province was given by Mrs. R. A. Rogers, M.L.A.

The first afternoon session opened with the report of the Standing Committee on Agriculture, by Miss E. L. Eagleton of Ashern. Mr. N. C. MacKay of the Extension Service presented an address on "Agriculture and Institutes." Mr. MacKay emphasized very clearly the fact that the Institutes can make a definite contribution to agriculture in our country and pointed out the different ways in which this contribution can be made. "Your job, as I see it agriculturally," said Mr. MacKay, "is to raise the morale of the people of your district and to encourage and assist our own people to remain on their farm." "Our Out-Door Rooms" was the subject chosen by Miss Margaret Johnson of the Free Press. Miss Johnson pointed out the need for the beautification of the home surroundings as well as the house itself.

An important item on the Thursday morning programme was the discussion of Institute Business Routine led by Mrs. H. M. Speechly. Many hazy ideas concerning resolutions, the interpretation of the Handbook and the duties of the directors, were cleared up. Mrs. W. H. Beachell of Rosser, gave an account of the Rural Women's Short Course, which she attended at the Manitoba Agricultural College. Mrs. Beachell recommended this course to anyone interested in community work or to anyone who wished to enjoy a profitable holiday. The introduction and election of the candidates to the Advisory Board concluded the morning session. The election resulted as follows: Northern division, Mrs. E. M. Bulmer, Minitonas; Southwestern division, Mrs. W. R. Cosgrove, Napinka; Central division, Mrs. Simmie, Elphinstone; Eastern division Mrs. W. H. T. Peak, Transcona.

Thursday afternoon was given over to a discussion of Institute work of various kinds. Mrs. R. G. Masterton outlined the pottery programme followed by the Emerson Institute last year. Her enthusiasm would recommend the intensive study of one subject, to many Institutes. Mrs. Finlay Mackenzie of Morris, gave a short talk entitled "Before We Forget," referring to the compiling of local histories. Such histories will be very valuable in after years when we have no pioneers with us to tell the interesting events by word of mouth. "The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada" was the subject of Mrs. David Watt's address. Mrs. Watt explained the origin and work of this body. One of their big undertakings is the Women's Institute Exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition. An outline of

Continued on page 31



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Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 30

each provincial contribution was given. The Rosser Girl's Demonstration Team gave a pleasing demonstration on "The Story of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba." These girls presented the same demonstration at the Toronto Exhibition last year. A pleasant feature of the afternoon was the introduction of Mrs. A. J. Chambers of Shellbrook, Saskatchewan, and Mrs. A. H. Rogers, of Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. These ladies brought greetings to our Convention from their respective provinces, thus strengthening the bonds of the Federal movement.

Mr. J. T. Thorson, M.L.A., gave a most inspiring address on "The Building of a Nation." His words will long be remembered by the delegates. Mrs. South of the Manitoba Agricultural College, gave a delightful talk on "Pictures in the Home" which was enjoyed by everyone. Mrs. L. C. Duncan of the Manitoba Agricultural College gave a short talk on the courses given at that institution for girls.

The reports from the eleven districts were presented at various times. Whether those who were presenting the reports caught some of the President's enthusiasm or whether the enthusiasm was there before, we do not know—we just suspect the latter. We do know, however, that every district reported progress in some direction and not one note of discouragement was heard. Prospects for the future are bright indeed, if these reports are taken as an indication of what is to be done.

One of the features which must be reported on was the interest shown in the reports of the Standing Committees. The conveners of these Committees have worked very hard during the past year, and a few of them had the idea that their work had been in vain—until they came to the Convention. Their reports were greeted with such enthusiasm that they have gone home fortified with the thought that they have the hearty support of all the Institutes, and that their work is appreciated.

The social side of life was not forgotten during the Convention. The delegates were entertained at a delightful tea by Mrs. McKillican, where they had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other and with their charming hostess. A most enjoyable evening was spent on Wednesday. The report on Immigration by Mrs. R. G. Masterton, and an excellent address on "The People of Canada" by Mrs. T. A. Coho, were followed by a concert given by the Winnipeg Ukrainian Choir. Thursday evening the delegates were the guests of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and Immigration at a very enjoyable banquet. Premier Bracken as toastmaster welcomed the delegates most cordially. Hon. W. J. Major, Attorney-General, gave a much appreciated address on Public Welfare. Later in the evening the delegates were entertained by two one-act plays put on by the Civil Servants Dramatic Society.

When the delegates rose to sing the National Anthem, they were tired, it is true, but there was a general feeling of satisfaction, and vision of great things to come in the mind of everyone. One and all agreed that they had spent a most worthwhile three days and would be able to take back to their Institutes many new ideas, and go to work with a renewed vigor.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

By V. S. MacLachlan

THE Provincial Conference of Women's Institutes of British Columbia was held in Chilliwack on May 18th, 19th and 20th. The following officers were elected: Mrs. J. D. Gordon of Victoria, President; Mrs. M. E. Noble of Hatzic in the Fraser Valley, Vice-president; Mrs. H. McGregor of Penticton in the Okanagan Valley, Second Vice-president; Mrs. M. L. Murray of Vancouver, Secretary; and Mrs. H. Pitts of Nelson, Treasurer.

The Provincial Conveners are as follows: Home Economics, Mrs. Robt. Arnott, Armstrong; Agriculture, Mrs. J. D. McGuire, Salmon Arm; Publicity and National Events, Mrs. A. Heddle, Oyama; W.I. Work and Method, Mrs. J. D. Gordon, Victoria; Public Health and Child Welfare, Mrs. Geo. Hennessy, Cranbrook; Immigration and Settlement,

Mrs. J. H. Porter, Burton on the Arrow Lake; Legislation, Mrs. M. E. Campbell, Esquimalt; Community Betterment, Mrs. Holt, Hazelmore; Industries, Mrs. J. L. Brown, Langford.

Royal Oak W.I. held a very successful Tulip Tea at the home of the President, Mrs. Pinhorn, the proceeds in aid of the Institute funds. Conveners were appointed for the municipal ward flower show. Progress reported on work for the Provincial Fair held in Victoria. This Institute is investigating a case of a crippled child in the locality for the Queen Alexandra Solarium.

Tarrys and Thrums W.I.—Topic for discussion at the last meeting "How the Institute Could Help the School." The members helped in the closing exercises of the local school.

Cortez Island W.I. are making arrangements for their annual July picnic. Their Institute decided to postpone all meetings until September owing to press of work.

Strawberry Vale W.I. is among the number who are contributing to the "Othoa Scott Endowment Fund." Othoa Scott is the patient for whom the first appeal was made to the Institutes in 1923, and is at present a patient in the Solarium. Owing to the disease being so long standing the treatment will of necessity be long and tedious, probably covering a period of five years, but in the meantime Othoa is one of the number who makes up the quota necessary for a public school. A duly qualified teacher has been engaged and conducts regular public school five days of the week at the Solarium. The Secretary of this Institute reports, "Since war is being waged on caterpillars it was decided to ask the school children to join in a caterpillar hunt and to offer prizes for the greatest number of tents collected."

Langley Prairie W.I.—The Secretary has copied out reports of medical examination of the pupils of Langley Prairie and Murrayville schools and given them to the School Conveners to read at the meeting. These reports were taken from the annual report of the Provincial Department of Health. This Institute also is contributing to the "Othoa Scott Fund." The Institute has purchased a vacuum cleaner for the use of the members and the member who has charge of the cleaner was authorized to insert a paid advertisement in the local paper to refresh the memories of possible users.

Coquillam W.I. is also contributing to the "Othoa Scott Fund." The Institute held a silent memorial service in memory of the late president, Mrs. Mabbett.

Granby W.I. held a Cobweb Social on June 1st, realizing the sum of \$34.45, which was added to the Institute funds.

Burquillam W.I. is arranging for an exhibit of work of their members at the Vancouver Fair.

Nakusp W.I. listened to an address on Community Betterment, and lecture demonstration was given on boiled salad dressing which was served to the members. This Institute is arranging to hold a Flower Show in August, and will join with Burton and Arrow Park W.I.s for a picnic in August.

Otter Point W.I. conducted a picnic for the school children and the parents, and children of Shirley and Jordan River districts were invited.

Cedar W.I. decided to send fruit to the Queen Alexandra Solarium every fall. The Institute is planning a book-lending circle which will start in July, this is forming really a circulating library.

Poplar Grove W.I. held a community picnic and are agitating for re-opening of the local school.

Colwood W.I. discussed the first annual report of the Queen Alexandra Solarium.

Nelson and District W.I.—The Secretary reports "Baby Clinic: 22 babies at the June clinic, several from the outside, Trail, Willow Point, Slocan. Ways and Means Committee reported the making of money for the Solarium Fund. This Institute has donated \$16.00 toward the maintenance of the public health nurse for Kootenay Lake Mining District."

New Denver W.I. Secretary reports, "That delegate to the Provincial Conference read her report and the meeting decided, as it was lengthy and detailed, that it be taken up in sections at different meetings in order that it might be thoroughly studied and understood."

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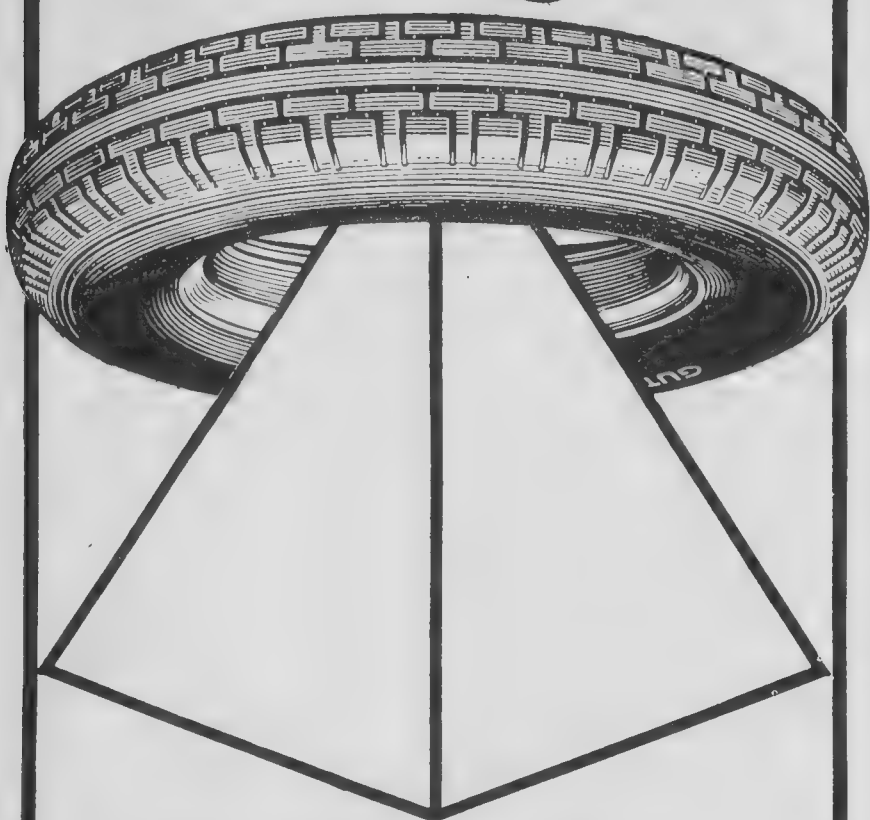
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The Judgment Day

Continued from page 7

Christopher asked what they needed and figured on the back of an envelope. "Very well. If you will put something through for me, you can have—exactly that," he said. "Their living for eighteen months, your course at the Beaux Arts and your trip."

Ned stabbed out his cigarette and leaned forward in his chair, long fingers hooked together across a concave front. "Anything short of state's prison," he said. "Jail I don't mind."

Christopher's reply rapped: "I do not transgress the law myself nor ask others to."

Ned was unabashed. "That's a fact, you don't," he said, so heartily and admiringly that Christopher was appeased.

"It is a matter of buying some property for me," he explained, rising to unroll a map of the city and its surroundings on the table between them. He pointed out pencilled areas. "If I try to get hold of these tracts myself, it will arouse interest. I have bought a little too successfully." He permitted himself a dry smile. "You will have to leave my employ, buy them in your own name and transfer them to a holding company—we will keep my name out of it altogether. You must be skilful and also quick. The sales must go through almost simultaneously, so as not to start a question or comment. I believe you can do it."

Ned, bending over the map, studied the marks, then shook his head. "I don't get why you want those pieces," he admitted. "Am I supposed to?"

Even in an empty house Christopher spoke cautiously: "Stand away from the map."

Ned did so, then suddenly ran a finger through the markings, connecting them in a long line. "Extension of the subway?"

"Exactly." Christopher rose gently on his toes, settled back again; his hands were tightly clenched in his pockets, his eyes had a curious smile. "Subway," he repeated. Ned murmured words picked up in the service of his country and went back to the map.

"Do you know that the subway is going that way or do you guess it?" he asked.

Christopher had a mere whiff of information, a wide, exact knowledge of the city and a gift of prophecy where land values were concerned, but he never explained more than was necessary.

"I believe it. I am gambling on it," was all he would say. He admitted that it would take every cent he had and much more. "I will find the money. If you can put it through on my terms, you can have—what I have specified. But there is one condition." His pause made it important. "Secrecy. Any talk would defeat the whole project. I must have your word that you will not speak of this transaction to anyone; not to any girl you may be interested in, not to my wife or to your mother. I want a specific promise."

Ned reflected. "Not ever?"

"Not until I give you leave."

"How can I explain it to my mother when I go abroad?"

The answer was sharp: "You can say you have earned it! It will be quite true by the time you have put that through. You have got to be quick, resourceful, not openly eager, and yet—" Christopher's hand lightly struck the table—"you've got to get it! And even when the danger is past, I like to think that my affairs won't be talked over. Have I your promise?"

"You have." Ned buttoned his coat as though to go after the property at once. "And my lasting gratitude," he added.

Continued on page 38

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Monte Carlo

Continued from page 11

I ARRIVED at Monte Carlo one glorious spring morning not long ago, coming by train from the nearby little seaside resort of Beaulieu some six miles distant. Leaving the railway depot one walks up a zig-zagging stairway. On either hand syringa shrubbery and palms form a solid wall of perfumed greenery filling the night with mingled odors sweet and heavy. Reaching the level of the Casino you pass through a little park and come to the entrance of the gaming rooms. At one side is the Café de Paris, and on the other the Hotel de Paris (the French are never strikingly original with names). Beyond the circular place on which these buildings front reaches away a marvellous park, a vista of flower beds and green lawns through tall palm trees. But it is the long ivory-colored façade of the Casino which holds the attention of the newcomer. Up the short flight of steps and through the great glass doors have passed the great men and women of all the earth.

Inside the entrance door one turns to the left where is the long room of the commissariat. On either side of the room, running the full length, is a long counter. Behind this sit a dozen men who issue the cards of entrance to the Casino, for no longer can anyone enter the gambling rooms freely. Today you have to pay. Imagine charging a person for the right to go and lose money. But Monte Carlo revolves on money; the soul of the place is cash.

I presented myself to the gentleman at the first desk. To him I gave my passport. He filled out a long paper, containing my name, nationality, the place I was born and my profession, which I signed. In return I was handed a blue card which cost me the sum of 10 francs (40c.). This was good for one day. Cards by the month are issued at a cost of \$4, or, for the season, \$20. Leaving the commissariat you cross the wide hallway and check your hat, and then pass into the grand foyer. High above your head is the marvellous carved ceiling. You pass between a long row of brown marble pillars. To the right is the entrance to the theatre just off the Casino where the famous Russian Ballet gives performances several times a week. The intervals between the acts are very long, and so the theatre patrons drift to the gaming-room at the end of the foyer and stake a few francs till the bell rings calling them to the continuance of the performance.

I reached the end of the long foyer and passed into the main gaming room where nine roulette wheels and half a dozen trente et quarante tables offered play every day from ten in the morning until two the following one. There were perhaps a thousand people gathered around the various long tables, and yet despite the number the great room was strangely quiet. The calls of the croupiers, monotonous and low, the faint rattle of the ball and the clink of coins sounded in the vast spaciousness of the place as water dripping in some huge grotto. But over all was a sense of hush, a sort of electric tense expectancy; as though some of the frenzied hopes and fears of the many players spread through the rooms. Perhaps they do. We know so little of the power of vibration as yet, but the perfecting of the radio and of television makes it seem plausible that perhaps the feelings of people also radiate through the air.

I slipped into a chair with my handful of ten-franc bronze pieces which I had purchased from the nearest cash desk. The table was a ten-franc limit one; that is the lowest sum that can be

wagered is forty cents. But I was more interested in the people and the play than my own winning and losing. And now as I watched the croupier's rakes drawing in after each turn of the wheel I realized how a whole principality, and the army and the church could be kept up, with still a profit left over of 143,000,000 francs last year to be divided among the shareholders. For the bank raked in forty coins to every one it paid out. And yet all around me were people fondly cherishing the hope of beating the remorseless wheel. The women at most of the tables a little outnumbered the men. Young and old, their eyes were closely riveted upon that spinning bowl and the tiny white ball. More than half the players at the various tables had little books before them with long lines of figures, or queer zig-zag tracings, all pertaining to the working out of some wonder-working system. There is no system that has ever worked against the roulette wheel or any other gambling game. Yet after sixty years of time thousands of people still come to Monte Carlo convinced they have a winning method. Yet the systems that are offered for sale today are only the systems of sixty and forty years ago dressed up in slightly new guises.

The gambling mania is of all manias the most baffling to understand. Thousands of wealthy people with sufficient money to keep them in luxury all the days of their lives have come to this gaming room and made paupers of themselves. Why? They did not need the money. Who can explain it?

It is a place beyond words beautiful in its scenic setting, this façade of white, yellow and blue and red-fronted stone houses with their red tile roofs, rising terrace on terrace up the steep side of the mountain. The azure Mediterranean laps the long sea-wall. In the tiny harbor behind the breakwater lie at anchor a score of sumptuous steam yachts, property of some of the money-masters of the world. But beneath all the beauty, beneath all the suavity is the hardness of a cruel system based on a success gained through the losses of the many. In the early days of the Casino when it was operated by Francois Blanc and later his son, Camille, people who lost large fortunes were in some cases given a pension for life, ranging from five to twenty francs a day. The only stipulation being that they must never again enter the Casino. But in recent years the only help given to a ruined gambler is the payment of his or her fare back to the place from which they have come. This is called the "viaticum," and truly everyone who today applies for it and gets it pays all too dearly for the slight favor. For the Casino is today a company, hard, suspicious, hating to part with a single dollar of its enormous profits. The applicant for the viaticum must present himself to the special office of the administration. Here he is subjected to a regular third degree examination, hostile and insulting. Then he must go to the table or tables at which he lost his money and be formally identified by the croupiers. It is more than probable that had many of the applicants an idea what lies in store for them they would prefer to walk out of Monte Carlo and take their chances with an unfeeling world.

The secret espionage system in Monte Carlo is probably the most perfect in the world. No one plays at the tables but comes under it. Big winners and big losers are given special attention, particularly the latter, for the one great bugaboo of the administration is

Continued on page 34



Perhaps you need a rest—
but what your gums
need is work

Soft, modern food gives them too little exercise, and robs them of their vigor and their health.

SUMMER takes us out-of-doors to lead a life more active. We exercise our bodies—we wax healthy and develop the power to resist disease.

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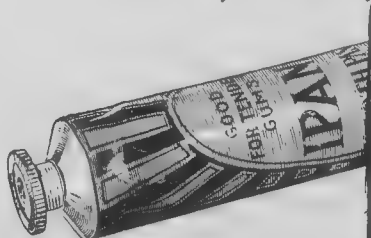
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THERE are two ways of becoming bald. Dandruff is an actual scalp infection. Slowing down of circulation causes a gradual thinning of the hair. Either, if neglected, leads to baldness.

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EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Move your scalp, not your fingers! Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick treatment invigorates scalp circulation so that hair is nourished to new growth. Also it destroys dandruff infection. The improved appearance of your hair after only a few days' treatment will astonish you!

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PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

Monte Carlo

Continued from page 33

suicide. Recently the suicide list has not been so large. That is as far as can be found out. But suicides there are frequently. Immediately one occurs the whole power of the administration's secret forces are combined to hush the matter up. The body is spirited out of the Principality, or to the secret burying ground at Monte Carlo. Recently a suicide occurred right in the main public gaming-room. Yet so indifferent or callous were the players that the games went on with only a moment's interruption.

While the secret espionage today is a great and silent force, it is now conducted only by the Casino Company. In earlier years the hotel keepers at Nice and Mentone also kept a corps of agents to watch guests playing at the Casino. Those guests who were noted to be losing heavily were presented by the proprietor with their bill while there was yet time to collect. But such crude practices have passed out of existence. In the same way the band of desperate men who once hung around Monte Carlo and committed robberies on the persons of winners returning from the Casino have been thoroughly cleaned out. The same applies to the croupiers. At first, and for the first quarter century of the Casino's existence, the croupiers were recruited from the ranks of broken-down gamblers who had lost their all against the bank. But in recent years the Casino has recruited its own croupiers. Mostly they begin as young men. In the cavernous depths beneath the Casino are special rooms fitted up with roulette wheels. Here the new croupiers go to school for several months, becoming deft in watching the play and paying the winning numbers. The salaries run from about one thousand to two thousand dollars a year, being rated by seniority. In addition the men live in a country where no taxes have to be paid, and in their old age are assured of being taken care of by the company.

FOR sixty years the Casino has been piling up ever-greater and greater earnings. Yet the number of people who come to play increases as the years go on. And today the chief winnings are not so much money won from the very wealthy as was the case in the past, but the combined small losings of tens of thousands of casual visitors who take a brief fling at the wheel, as much from the desire for excitement as anything. The annual report of the company was given at a meeting just after I arrived. It showed a total gain from the tables of 143,000,000 francs. The entry charge alone netted 9,000,000 francs additional; the sale of tobacco 2,000,000; the cloak room 600,000 and the concerts 155,000. From which it will be seen how very, very profitable this once-barren rock has been made to be.

Down nearer the sea front about five minutes walk from the Casino is the Sporting Club, a select gambling place also operated by the administration of Monte Carlo to cater to people who crave higher play than offered by the Casino in surroundings more select. Entry to the Sporting Club is made somewhat difficult, and every man and woman must be in evening dress. But here the scene is a little different. Women in costumes costing a small fortune with still greater fortunes represented in the many diamonds that they wear move about with men who calmly play with thousands of dollars risked on the turn of a card. The other night I watched the American steel king Charles Schwab lose three thousand

dollars in as many minutes. And I thought of the hard-working farmer on the far-away plains of North America who spends two years raising a steer for market and gets perhaps forty dollars. Truly, money is a queer factor in this very strange old world.

But it can be taken for almost a certainty that nine out of every ten people who play at Monte Carlo go away losers.

Francois Blanc, the famous waiter-founder of the Casino, coined a saying still quoted today. He said of the wheels in his Casino: "Sometimes red wins, sometimes black, but white (Blanc) always." Blanc is French for white. Which was his play on the word representing also his name. No matter what the turns of the roulette wheel, he in the end always profited.

But still Monaco on the rock, which neither sows nor reaps honorably earned profits, continues to eat, to flourish to an even greater opulence out of the winnings of fools. But then, Barnum also said it.

THE visitor to France who only knows Paris does not really know the French people. Paris is a little world in itself, with a distinct population, a little hard, suspicious, eternally alert for the main chance, and feeling some of the hurry which every great city engenders.

I left Paris for the Riviera early in the springtime.

The afternoon train from Paris reaches Marseilles about five in the morning. And then you begin to move through Southern France. Amid the rocky terraced hillsides gleam long fields of red earth, dark almost as coagulated blood. Gazing upon that soil mixed with stones you would not believe it fertile. But this appearance is denied by the miles and miles of grape vines, pruned close to the earth at this time of spring. Gray Paris with its days of rain, its frost and occasional fog are forgotten. The people are cheerier. This is a land of sunshine, of warm blood, of passionate love affairs, and tempers quick to fire. The train winds along the edge of a mountain slope growing ever steeper. High on the tops of the rocky ridges, nestling among the mighty crags you catch a glimpse here and there of fortresses hoary with age. The Mediterranean stretches away from the bottom of the railway embankment. From the car window the traveller looks upon a world of ever-growing scenic grandeur.

The train reaches Cannes. From here until Mentone about thirty-five miles away is a very fairyland of man-made beauty. All along the seashore the mountainsides slope up with varying degrees of steepness. Wherever the incline is not too steep the whole side of the mountain has been terraced up with stone walls, and the scanty earth collected to create beautiful gardens surrounding homes looking seaward.

Where the natural mountainside has been left untouched, forests of dark gray olive trees spread their gnarled and many-branched low forms to the ocean breezes. Amid them umbrella pines rear higher heads.

In the cultivated gardens, and along the promenades by the sea long rows of palms rear their low heads, oddly suggestive of gigantic pineapples on the march.

Along this Coté d'Azur within half a dozen miles of each other are Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Beaulieu, Villefranche and a dozen smaller places, winter resorts of the wealthy from all the world. This region is also a paradise for writers and artists. At Cannes

Continued on page 35



They Work Unseen— but they work

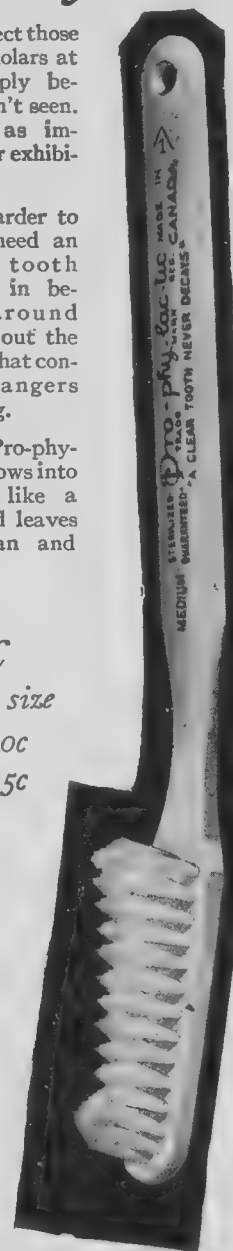
You can't neglect those large strong molars at the back simply because they aren't seen. They're just as important as your exhibition teeth.

But they're harder to clean. You need an exceptional tooth brush to get in between and around them and dig out the accumulation that continually endangers their well-being.

You need a Pro-phy-lac-tic. It burrows into dark corners like a searchlight and leaves the teeth clean and healthy.

50c
for Adult size
Small 40c
Baby 25c

MADE
IN
CANADA



Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush

Always sold in the yellow box

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada)
Limited

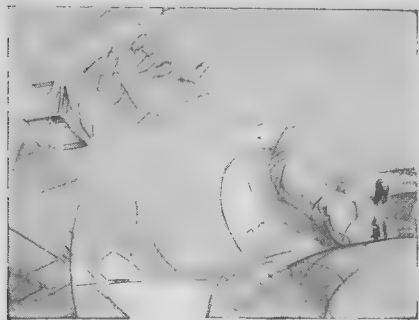
201 INSPECTOR ST., MONTREAL 8C

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Sprinkles like Cooling Balm on moist, warm bodies



*Protection against prickly heat,
soothing comfort through long
hot days, with this gentle
powder-lubricant*

BABIES restless in hot, sultry weather . . . tiny, perspiring skin-folds that rub, grow moist, chafe . . . prickly rash that torments tender flesh—now, more than any other time during the year, women can judge the cooling comfort of this marvelous baby powder—Johnson's.

It's really a cream in powder form. Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder lubricates the skin, covers it with a protecting veil of powder, so that there is no friction and hence no irritation or chafing. More, it is a super-absorbent of moisture. Fluffy, flaky, pure—its effect on the skin is lotion-like—cooling, healing.

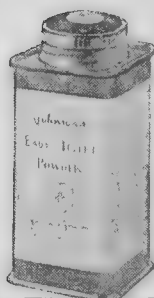
Johnson's has for its base pure talc chosen because its tiny particles are so round, so soft, so fluffy. It is blended with a boracic compound and faint, clean-smelling scents.

After his bath, every time diapers are changed, cover the tender skin-folds with a generous sprinkling of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Now, while your baby's body is perfect without flaw or blemish, give him care that will keep him always beautiful.

Make this
simple hand test
Rub your palms
together briskly
and notice how the
skin grows warm
and moist. Repeat
the motion, using
Johnson's Baby
and Toilet Pow-
der. There is no
friction, no ensu-
ing warmth.



Johnson & Johnson, Ltd.
MONTREAL, CANADA



First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally, relieve roughness, rash or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.

YOUR DRUGGIST
is more than a merchant

Monte Carlo

Continued from page 34

dwells W. J. Locke, Phillips Oppenheim, and Valentine Williams, to mention only a few of the famous writers. Here, too, is the home of Emma Calvé. At Nice dwells Frank Harris, whose life of Oscar Wilde has been acclaimed one of the greatest biographies of all time.

SEVEN miles from Nice is the little resort of Beaulieu, in winter one of the most select and highest-priced places on the whole Riviera. To this place I came early in the spring. For about that time the wealthy world of leisure is leaving for new scenes of pleasure, and living is exceedingly reasonable, and comfortable to the purse of the average writer. Beaulieu in winter has a population of about five thousand people. Upon the rocky hillside steeply sloping from the sea a marvellous array of costly homes have been built on terraces supported by mighty walls of stone, and hanging gardens look upon the Mediterranean. I go for a walk toward Cap Ferrat. Before me rises the villa of the Duke of Connaught, one of Canada's favorite Governor-Generals in the past. A step further on high on the brow of the hill is the now empty palace of Leopold II of Belgium. It is perfectly circular, a passing strange piece of architecture. In the opposite direction a half-mile away is the home of Mary Garden, and a little farther on that of Somerset Maugham, one of England's greatest playwrights and novelists. Artists, like vagabonds, love the sun. You find writers and painters everywhere.

Passing along the sea-front from Cap Ferrat you look over the little bay of Villefranche. There, close in-shore lie three American destroyers and the flagship of the fleet, the Memphis, on a courtesy visit to France. Beyond the farther shoreline the rocky ridge rises steeply to a height of perhaps seventeen hundred feet. And on the top of the sharp-backed ridge limned clearly against the clear blue sky stands an ancient fort built by the Saracens in the year five hundred. Yet though fourteen hundred years have passed, the square outlines and the corner towers are little changed from the day of their completion. All along this coast forts similar in age and design stand grim reminders of the history of blood and rapine and continual struggle that marked this Mediterranean shore for nearly two thousand years. It is a land steeped in gory history. Every little hill town among the mountain crags has a story worthy of a book in itself.

I pass along from the little town of St. Jaen Cap Ferrat to the end of an automobile road. Here stands a little building bearing the word Octroi, and all day one or more men are on guard. Every vehicle, and every person entering the confines of the town with a basket, must stop for inspection, and pay duty on any meat, butter or cheese they bring in. These, at least, are the chief articles. Now just across the road from this building stands another Octroi guarding the entrance to the town of Beaulieu. The towns of Beaulieu and Cap Ferrat are merely long straggling continuations of one another winding around among the rocks above the sea. But nevertheless each must have its separate customs post. If you buy cheese in Cap Ferrat a little cheaper than in Beaulieu and wish to take it into the latter town you have to pay duty. And this is repeated all along the way. Six miles further in one direction is the Octroi of Nice, in the other direction the Octrois of Cap

d'Ail and Monaco. Truly it is an amazing country for the duplication of needless labor, for complicating life for the average citizen. To cite all the strange and hampering things a visitor from Canada meets with in the course of a week would take too long. I want to, however, tell the most amusing one which befell me.

After my arrival in Beaulieu I deemed it would be most handy to take a post office box. As this requires only about five minutes' time at a post office in my own country, I entered the little building of Beaulieu with confidence. At the first wicket I enquired if I could have the box for three months. The man spent quite a long time looking it up in a book. He informed me he thought I could, but to apply at the next wicket. To the man there I repeated my request. He also consulted a book. That is one of the peculiarities of clerks in France; though they are doing the same thing every day, whenever you ask them a question they seem always to have to look it up, even the most simple things. The second man, after a long reading of the book, informed me that in order to get a box I must call that afternoon about four o'clock and see the "Receiver" (Postmaster). I did so, and this worthy gentleman after hearing my request advised me that I must write him a letter. At the time I was dwelling in the nearby village of Cap Ferrat, but had arranged for an apartment in Beaulieu, and I set this forth in my letter of application to the Receiver. Two days after mailing my request I got a letter back saying I could not have a box until I was a resident of Beaulieu. As I had already pointed this out, this letter struck me as the crowning sample of dumbness. However, the next day I wrote making another application and giving my new address. This time it took the receiver a week to answer me, though all he had to do was fill out a printed form. The last missive I received from him on the subject was to the effect that in order to get a "box of commerce" I must appear before him at the post office with a signed certificate from my landlady that I actually lived in Beaulieu, and my identity card signed by the police that I was there. Having done all this I presented myself duly. But, to my amazement, when he learned that I was a mere writer-person, my request was refused. Very gravely, almost rebukingly, he informed me that the post office boxes were "boxes of commerce" for people having businesses. That a writing man had a business was evidently impossible in his eyes. So I gave it up. But every time I go into the post office I take a peek at the rows of boxes. Ninety per cent of them are empty for this is the dead season at this winter resort. Still he would not have my money. These French people art no end droll. I know a young American doctor who tried vainly for nine months to get so simple a thing as a gas oven attached to the stove in his apartment. The last time I saw him his life history and why he needed a gas oven was with the commissariat of police, the final stage in a proceedings which had required the united efforts of his landlord, the officials of the gas company and himself to bring about.

But everything has its compensations, and these early spring days in Beaulieu to a person like myself from a land of cold are a revelation.

ON MAY DAY I sat on the breakwater of the little port. Behind me in a tiny bistro (a sailor's drinking

Continued on page 36



One little thing can ruin all

Protect yourself this way

So easy, to take this one simple precaution, without which a woman's fastidious care for other details is wasted!

Underarm perspiration! How to keep dainty—always—despite this unpleasant moisture from which but few are free?

A little hurry, a little nervousness or excitement—and the large and over-active glands under the arm begin to work.

No relief from the normal evaporation that takes care of perspiration elsewhere! It is held under the curve of the arm and by clothing. Gowns are stained, ruined!

Worse still, is that disagreeable odor you have so often noticed in others, never imagining that you yourself may be guilty of this offense.

Excessive perspiration can not be corrected by soap and water alone. That is why millions of women everywhere use Odorono, a clear antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to check excessive perspiration.

Odorono is so safe, so dainty! Simply a little applied to the underarms, with the fingers or absorbent cotton.

And twice a week is enough. For one application of Odorono lasts at least three days!

You will enjoy this security that every woman must have for greater daintiness. Odorono prevents both moisture and odor, without affecting in any way the natural healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

You will find Odorono wherever perfumes and fine toilet soaps are sold, 35c, 60c and \$1. Or send coupon and 5c for sample.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, Ltd.,

468 King Street, West
Toronto Canada

ODO-RO-NO



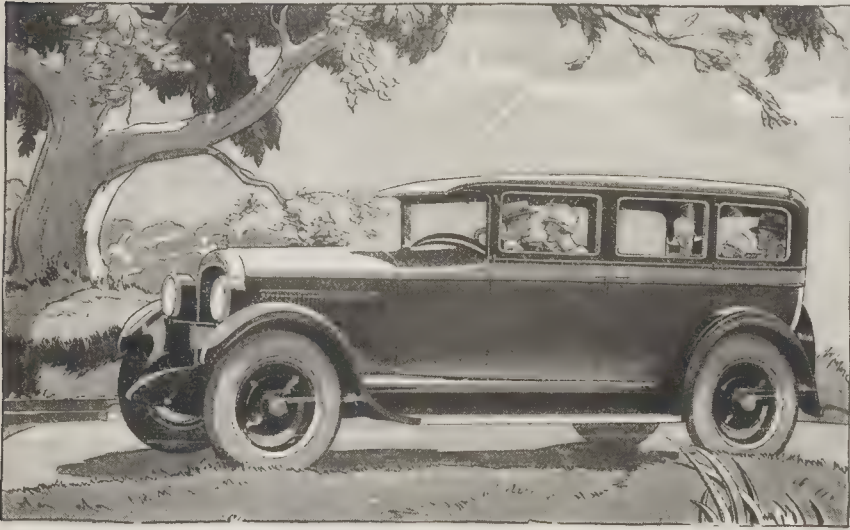
The Odorono Company, Ltd.,
Dept. 488, 468 King Street, West
Toronto, Canada.

Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet, for which I enclose 5c.

Name.....

Address.....

10% Higher in Quality No Higher in Cost



THE CLOSEST-PRICED SIX IN CANADA

WHEN you see and drive the new series Hupmobile Six Sedan, you'll appreciate at once the fact that Hupmobile has added 10% extra quality without adding to the purchase price * * * In its refreshing beauty, marked riding comfort, zestful performance, and unusually complete equipment, you'll recognize unmistakably extra value for a six listing under \$2000 * * * Comparison will convince you of the needlessness of a motor car investment above this figure, even when demanding the very utmost in modern six-cylinder motoring.

Every Worth While Feature the Modern Car Should Have

Clear Vision Bodies * Color Options * Mohair Upholstery * Walnut Finished Instrument Board and Window Ledges * Contrasting Window "Reveals" on Closed Bodies * Instrument Panel Under Glass, Indirectly Lighted * Vision-Ventilating Windshield * Automatic Windshield Cleaner * Solid Walnut Steering Wheel * Rear View Mirror * Tilting Beam Headlights * Headlight Control on Steering Wheel * Both Manifold and Thermo-static Heat Control * Dash

Gasoline Gauge * Gasoline Filter * Force Feed Lubrication * Oil Filter * Special Vibration Damper * 4-Wheel Brakes * Balloon Tires * Snubbers

* * *

Sedan (illustrated), five-passenger, four-door, \$1910. Brougham, five-passenger, two-door, \$1910. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$1910. Roadster, with rumble seat, \$1910. Touring, five passenger, \$1825. All prices f.o.b. Windsor.

Hupmobile Six

Monte Carlo

Continued from page 35

place) a dozen grizzled sailormen are gathered around a long table. Wine bottles are passing freely. At the head of the table one old man in his shirt sleeves stands holding aloft a piece of bamboo pole which he waves after the manner of an orchestra conductor. These rough sailormen break into song, a haunting melody, perfectly timed, rich in feeling, very moving even though I do not know the words, for they sing in Nipois, a mixture of Italian and French and I know not what. One of the number beats upon the sides of a triangle, lending harmony and tone to the song. By and by two of them rise and dance gravely. I gaze upon these carefree southern people, ragged of clothing, and with little of this world's goods. All the hour or so I sit gazing from the interior of the bistro and then out to sea, there is passing before me a long procession of cars, the last word in luxury, Rolls-Royces, Hispanos, Renaults, and other high-priced makes of cars. As they rush by I see the faces of their owners, and many bear a bored and weary look. Apparently they are less happy than my seafaring friends, these boatmen and fishermen who pass the day enjoyably with the sound of their own songs. In addition to the private cars there goes by at regular intervals huge touring buses filled with sight-seers, people paying high prices to rush at top speed through a country and fondly believe they are seeing it, and who will go back and entertain their friends for the rest of their lives with the tales of their journeyings. But to see a country, to know its people, to feel the charm of its varied appeal you must do other than rush through it on a hurrying motor bus.

The day wanes. Even in this region, which contains to the square mile probably more expensive automobiles than any other part of Europe, the stream of traffic begins to slacken with the approach of the evening meal.

I turn and go slowly up the street under the stone railroad bridge. Beyond me the queer streets of the town wind, zig-zag and run in half circles up the steep face of the mountainside.

I eat my plain supper, a salad and a cheese, and pass out upon the terrace. The warm soft spring night has laid caressing hand upon the silent sea. Behind me in the olive trees the fireflies wink out here and there, winged sparks of brightness against the sombre gray-green of the trees. Stars like glistening tears clinging on the low canopy of the velvet sky look down upon me with familiar faces. There is

the Great Bear, and the little one, the points of the Great Bear pointing to the North Star; there is Venus and Cassiopeia and many other stars that a thousand times I have gazed upon from varied places in my own land, in Manitoba, in Mackenzie Land, on the shores of the Pacific in British Columbia. But they alone are familiar. Below me the long avenue of plane trees shows shadowy against the street lamps standing at long intervals. From the big garden of a nearby villa floats up a mingled odor of orange blossoms, of syringa, fig trees, hyacinth and a dozen exotic flowers I do not know. Bats are a-wing in front of me in a gyrating fleet, squeaking faintly as they fly. A Mediterranean thrush sings his last notes, very much like the hermit thrush in far-away British Columbia.

From down the street where the plane trees march on either side in symmetrical procession comes the sound of music. From the store of the mattress-maker next door to a little wine shop the mistress comes out with her violin. She is joined by the shoemaker from next door with his accordion, and the keeper of the wine shop with his guitar. They begin to play by the light of a cluster of electric globes hidden in Chinese lanterns swung from the branch of a plane tree. From all about the villagers begin to gather: the young men and maidens of the village. Soon there is dancing in the street. I leave my dreaming-gazing and descend the winding stairs in and out among the houses on the hill, and take a seat upon the sidewalk. And though they do not know me all these people greet me smilingly, for this is not Paris. This is the South of France, where people's hearts are warm and friendly. This is the France as R. L. Stevenson and many another writer has known it.

All around from the high hills above look down fortresses of the past. For though this now is a smiling and friendly land, inhabited by a united people, it was for two thousand years the scene of constant bloodshed, a gory region fought over by Turk and Saracen, by Frank and Gaul and Moor.

It is a land where every inch of road, where every hill top has a story. Some of these I have already heard; more I will shortly learn when I journey further to hill towns nearby and old, old fortresses; and something of the fascinating past I will in future try to convey with word and picture to the readers of The Western Home Monthly who have followed me on my way.



"Buddy" the canine actor taking his make-up lessons from Norma Shearer



Let the Firestone Dealer explain the scientific design of the Firestone Balloon Tread. With cross-sections cut from actual tires, he will demonstrate the easy flexing action of the Gum-Dipped Balloon. He will show you how the narrow rider strips and small non-skid projections increase flexibility and give greater safety and skid protection.

FIRESTONE DEALERS ARE PIONEERS IN BALLOON TIRE SERVICE

Another Reason Why They Serve Motorists Better and Save Them Money

Firestone leadership in the tire industry places the local Firestone Service Dealer in a position to give you lowest prices and better service.

Specializing in the manufacture of tires, for distribution exclusively through regular tire dealers, has enabled Firestone to concentrate upon tire development.

Firestone pioneered the low pressure-tire and Firestone Service Dealers were the first to offer car owners, the Full-Size Balloon, with the latest methods and equipment for their expert care and repair.

The advent of the Balloon Tire required an expansion in repair methods. To meet this situation Repair Schools were opened at the Firestone factories where the Firestone dealers and their repair men have been instructed in the care of



tires and the use of the specially-designed Firestone Balloon Tire equipment.

In addition, Firestone prepared tire samples, illustrative and descriptive charts to show the building of a gum-dipped tire from the gathering of the raw material to the finished product. In each territory throughout the country Dealer Educational Meetings have been held. These have been attended by most of the Firestone Service Dealers who have obtained the latest information regarding tire construction, care and repair methods.

Firestone Dealers are kept up-to-date on tire development and service—continually progressing and improving their ability to serve you better and save you money. See the nearest Firestone Dealer to-day and let him handle your tire requirements.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

Does baby cry?

Then something's wrong! You should have Woodward's Gripe Water handy to soothe the baby during teething, to correct diarrhoea and to keep the little stomach in a wholesome, healthy condition.

Mothers have found Woodward's Gripe Water a safe sure remedy. Get a bottle to-day.

The most famous of all correctives for Colic, Teething, Indigestion, Flatulence, Looseness, Disordered Stomach, Acidity, Peevishness.

At all Druggists

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Limited
10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto

WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

KEEPS BABY WELL

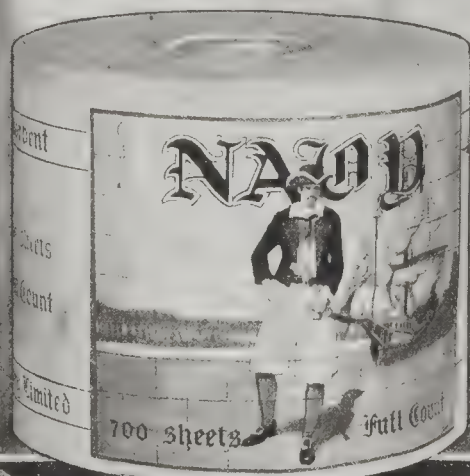


For the Bathroom—

EDDY'S "Navy Toilet Tissue"

NAVY TISSUE is soft and absorbent and, like all Eddy tissues, is manufactured under the most exacting sanitary conditions.

Each roll of "NAVY" Tissue is guaranteed to contain 700 sheets. Quality and Economy combined.



THE E. B.
EDDY
CO. LIMITED
HULL, CANADA

This Great Healing Oil Must Speedily Bring Comforting Relief To Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet

Or Your Money Back. That's the Plan on Which
Emerald Oil is Sold by All Good Druggists.

This wonderful preparation now known all over America as Moone's Emerald Oil is so efficient in the treatment of inflammatory foot troubles that the unbearable soreness and pain often stop with one application.

Moone's Emerald Oil is safe and pleasant to use; it doesn't stain or leave a greasy residue. It is so powerfully antiseptic and deodorant that all unpleasant

odors resulting from excessive foot perspiration are instantly killed.

Be patient; don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the way to solid foot comfort.

Ask your druggist today for a 2-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil. Almost every druggist in the country can supply you.

The Judgment Day

Continued from page 32

Christopher gestured away gratitude. "It's a fair commission, no more," he insisted. "Sit down and I will give you all the information I have about the property owners, and the top amount I will pay in each case. After that you will communicate with me as little as possible, and only here at my house. I will send you your salary check personally. So far as the office is concerned, you have left us."

"And some people say there is no God," Ned murmured, sinking into a chair.

It was then six o'clock, and they worked dinnerless for several hours. No word was said about food. When Ned had gone, looking rather caved-in, Christopher set bread, cheese, milk and fruit on the table in the musty kitchen. He was paying Ned well; there was no earthly reason why he should feed him too. It was good to be free of the eternal compulsion to hospitality that drove Mary. He sat there a long time, savoring his liberty. The one frugal light made him look old, queer, shadowy; his arms were stretched out on the table as though they guarded the golden lump of cheese.

CHRISTOPHER ROLLESTON stood in the station waiting to meet his wife. Mary, with fond apologies, had stayed away a fourth month, but when he had written to suggest that she might like a little longer visit, she had telegraphed that she was coming home at once.

Christopher was well prepared for her, defended at every point. He knew her. She would offer a scattering atonement of economies for a few weeks and then expect to sweep along in her own carefree way. Already she was writing of "when we have caught up." One of her plans was a new room at the back, over the kitchen extension, for "the nursery." Christopher's mouth had shut like a trap at the word. He felt himself impregnable, and a little elated over the coming struggle. Deep under what civilization had made of him there was still a male satisfaction in mastering a beautiful creature and bending it to his will. His mastery would be passive; but at the prospect of sitting within his defences and watching her break herself against them, his pulses quickened. When she had learned, he would love her!

He looked a very nice husband to be coming home to, well featured, well mannered, even a little distinguished in a dry, careful way. Mary came with the long step of outdoors, her autumnal colors relit, and her hand on his arm had a relieved clutch.

"Oh, Chris, you are nice," she said, so gladly that his heart leaped in his side, nearly eluding his control. Only the fact that she had a porter to carry her bag saved him. A child could have carried that bag. He took it away from the fellow, but even then Mary gave him what looked like a handful of silver. Christopher's work was cut out for him!

Mary also had her plans. He could feel them just back of her smiling eyes and the mocking note in her welcome. She was going to take him—not by storm, in her old free-armed fashion, but by new wisdom thought out on her mountain, by patience and biding her time and letting her charm work on him while she looked the other way. She had come back prepared to make a success of it on her terms, still not seeing that his terms must be accepted first.

"We've got the first year over, anyway," she said comfortingly as they left the station. "And I take it as a great compliment that you said I could

stay longer—you knew it would make me catch the next train.

Chris had not known it, but liked being thought subtle. And he liked the way his wife looked, and the quick, careless contralto voice, liked the arrested glances of the passers-by. Mary had no classic beauty, but she drew eyes as surely as a wood-fire. He felt a surge of impatience for their drama to begin.

"You will have an hour or two to rest before it is time to get dinner," he said. "For the present I will do the household buying. That will save you the trouble of going to market," he had the grace to add.

"And keep the bills down," she assented cheerfully. "Oh, you needn't worry; I am going to be a regular screw." And to prove it, she salvaged in the subway a cast-off afternoon paper. Just as good as if we had bought it," she pointed out. She was not being funny, and yet Christopher, who usually got his evening paper that way, felt affronted.

Her good spirits fell visibly when they entered the house. He had had it properly cleaned for her home-coming, the furnishings were unchanged, but she stopped in the hall, looking into the familiar front room like a disconcerted stranger.

"It feels—different," she said. Then she went about opening windows, but she only succeeded in letting in the chill of the spring twilight, and there was no fire to warm it away. The hearths had been scrubbed bare with a meaningful finality.

Christopher firmly shut the windows, then, carrying her bag upstairs, found her standing in the middle of her own room, still in hat and coat, as though she were not going to stay. It was the room her little son had passed through, so some feeling was to be expected. He could have been kind to tears, but he did not know how to meet this odd, frowning dismay.

"Well—you will want a bath," he said helplessly.

She shook herself out of the clutch of her mood and put an arm lightly about him.

"I have been living in the open—everything seems shut up," she explained. "Yes, I'm dirty, but you don't mind, do you?"

She was quiet and passive in his embrace, dangerously sweet. She had thought out much new wisdom on her mountain! He very soon made an excuse to leave her, but the creature knew he was running away, and triumphed. Her eyes openly laughed at him. Well, she would see! He was as strong as she was, and the shears of Delilah would get no chance at his level head.

Mary came down refreshed and merry, and prepared the meagre dinner with the good humor of an obliging guest rather than the sober dutifulness of a wife. She played economy like a game, and no one who does that has accepted it as a life principle. The way she gathered up a pinch of spilled salt from the dinner table was distinctly burlesque.

"Saved," she murmured.

"There is certainly nothing gained by throwing away salt," Chris observed. "Everything you use has been paid for, by money that does not come too easily."

She nodded assent. "Even the canned tomatoes and the spices. I used to think that they simply grew on pantry shelves. Blossomed there. And that so long as you had a check-book, you had money. You just wrote it

Continued on page 41

For Your Kitchen Shelves ~ ~ Gleaming Sunny Blue Kitchenware



The kitchen is the one place that needs brightness and color. It is the workshop of the home where housewives spend the best part of their day.

Why not start and make your kitchen brighter, your work easier, your cooking more satisfactory with Sunny Blue—the pretty, durable Kitchenware.

Gleaming bright on the open shelves, Sunny Blue lends glow and lustre to the whole kitchen. The smooth porcelain-enamelled surface and "Snowite" interior cleans as easily as china. Weight and serviceability are in every line. No more pleasing kitchenware is available anywhere at the same low price.

Start now to build your Sunny Blue set. Sold by the piece or in a complete set.

When Preserving Time Comes

When the ripe fruits are ready to be done down into jams and jellies—then Sunny Blue proves its usefulness. The "Snowite" lining resists the action of fruit acids—assuring wonderful cleanliness and satisfaction.

McClary's Sunny Blue The New Super Kitchenware



Smart Styling Makes Apparel Eminently Wearable on All Occasions

The new models show flare over the front, and fulness at the left side in plaited, gathered or circular shaping.

In both coats and dresses the back is flat.

Godets are again used to create fulness.

Tunic effects above narrow underskirts are shown.

The popular sleeve is the one that is close fitting and long, with or without a cuff, or flared at the wrist. Puffed sleeves are seen and short sleeves or sleeveless effects are principally reserved for sports wear.

Boleros are still represented.

Tiered skirts, in two or more tiers are well represented.

In colors, brown and gray are well thought of. Navy blue is good for day dresses and coats. Gray is noted for evening wear, especially with silver trimming in lace and embroidery.

The neck line may be either square or slanted, or in V effect determined by surplice treatment. Round neck lines are youthful and in great favor.

Tie collars, high neck bands and scarfs are still in vogue. The Obi bow is quite popular.

Embroideries in silver crystal, pearl and steel, braid trimmings, fringe, velvet ribbon and fur are all used for decoration on both heavy and sheer fabrics.

Crepe satin will be used for afternoon dresses, the dull side being often used for trimming.

Crepe de chine, georgette, and moire will also be popular.

Velvets will be much in evidence for afternoon dresses and wraps, and also for evening dresses.

Afternoon and evening dresses of lace are seen, sometimes the lace is combined with sheer materials.

Crepe satin is shown combined with lace for afternoon dresses.

Chantilly is the favored lace, and laces of the point despit type are also in vogue.

5878. Crepe de chine, flowered chiffon, organdy or silk would be attractive for this style. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch lining for the underbody, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch other material for the dress. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5864. This model suggests a bolero ensemble. The dress is sleeveless. The collar may be joined to the dress or to the bolero. This pattern is cut in 3 Sizes, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress with bolero for an 18-year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. If the bolero is omitted it will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5858. As here pictured, plaid woolen was used for the skirt, and silk crepe for the blouse. Linen, tub silk, and jersey weaves are also good for this style. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the blouse for a 38-inch size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material. To make the skirt will require 2 yards of 40-inch material, and 1 yard of 32-inch lining for the underbody. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5854. Figured silk and crepe satin are here used in combination. The long lines and graceful fulness are especially attractive. The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 44-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material together with 1 yard of contrasting material, for facing on panel, collar and cuffs. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5860. This design, may be developed in linen, crepe or flannel or, the waist may be of crepe de chine or crepe, and the skirt of flannel, tweed or charmelaine. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material for the skirt waist, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the skirt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Waist lines vary in position. The normal seems never to be reached.

Usually the waistline stops when it gets to the top of the hips and often it is only defined by a belt or girdle.

Zouave effects are seen in the new puffed hem skirts. One attractive model has added side sections with box plaits puffed out and turned under at the hem.

Very interesting is the new jabot collar formed with a jabot falling from the neckline in front. Jabots of all descriptions are much in evidence.

A coat of green velvet is trimmed with gray fur on a straight band at the centre front from neck to hem and also on collar, and sleeves.

Black flat crepe is effective with vestee and piping of flesh color georgette.

A two-piece sports dress of beige kasha has a plaited skirt, and a jumper with long sleeves trimmed with bands of blue crepe.

A jumper of black satin appliqued in white is worn with a white flannel skirt that is box plaited.

Pique is being used for trimming on silk dresses, and for flowers.

Two-tone satin skull caps are in evidence to prove the continued popularity of the small hat.

Sport blouses are usually worn with a skirt of contrasting material or color.

Separate blouses are shown for wear with the tailored suit. Usually the blouse is of white crepe or satin. The collar may be high or of the tie order. The sleeves are usually long and fitted.

Suit jackets are usually in hip length. The skirts are in wrap-around style, or plain, or made with a suggestion of fulness at one side, or plaited in front or at the sides. Some of the suit models show capes instead of jackets.

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Street.....
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The Judgment Day

Continued from page 38

out." That brought her to his affairs. "How are things going?" she asked.

He had made a careful study of what he should tell her. He had been too communicative at first; told her too much about the value of what he had; it was partly his fault that she had felt so free to spend. The new project should be kept vague. He explained it as a land venture that would take every cent they had for several years, but he would not localize it or state the possible gains.

"And then we shall be caught up and comfortable?" Mary asked.

"Sufficiently comfortable," he admitted, "if it goes through. There is risk, of course. It is not to be spoken of, Mary, you understand that. After tonight I don't want you even to speak of it to me."

Perhaps she thought Ned would tell her more, for her next question was about him.

"How is Ned? Didn't he send me any greeting?"

It was a relief to see that Ned had not written her.

"Ned? Oh, he has left me," he said lightly. "He sailed last week for a year abroad."

A wife has no right to look as Mary looked at the news: literally stricken. She had always had some left-over girl-ish feeling about Ned. To Christopher's rigid morality marriage meant a shut door on all other man-and-woman relationships. Though the marriage might be loveless, it must be immaculately true; but Mary, having a lawless inheritance, was inclined to put love where he put faith. Love was her religion. Even her mother and her father loved each other in a battered, resigned, amused sort of fashion, and to Mary this seemed almost to excuse the past.

"Gone away!" she said in a very small voice.

Christopher affected to notice nothing.

"Yes, Ned has done well for himself," he said judicially. "Very well. He has accumulated enough to study architecture for another year, and then he will go west to live. He says an architect has a better chance there, and I dare say he is right. My dear Mary!" he interrupted himself, for tears were slipping shamelessly down her cheeks.

She laughed brokenly and wiped them away. "It is just that he was from home," she explained.

"You saw very little of him; "he was glad to remind her of that. "Perhaps in a couple of years he will be in a position to marry this girl."

Mary started. "What girl?"

She was unaccountable—to care so much and yet forget that.

"You told me yourself that he was in love with some girl, and that was why he did not come here any more."

"Oh, yes—so I did," she admitted.

"Do you know anything about her?"

She smiled to herself as though she knew a good deal. "Well, what Ned told me was in confidence," she said, and Christopher was too glad of the scruple to continue the subject. Mary had a large, loose attitude about what one should repeat. Her cheerful, "I promised not to tell this, so I'm telling you!" had more than once forced him to stop her.

She presently picked herself up again and grew happy telling him about home. Her father was giving painting lessons, and Dodo was engaged; they had cooked supper at least once a week in the redwoods.

"The redwoods, Chris!" she said, smiling at him to evoke memories.

Continued on page 42

Don't Trifle with a Corn Razor

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The Judgment Day

Continued from page 41

For a moment, while her eyes held his, he could hear the murmur in the high tops and feel the brown carpet under his trembling hand. A wish swept through him like a prayer—that she might learn quickly to set him free of his barriers.

She was not going to learn quickly. Why must she have a blaze of light in the kitchen, pantry and hall in order to wash a few dishes? He turned out most of them, and she took it sweetly, but she looked as discouraged as she felt. And she found the front room too chilly to sit in, though he could prove to her by the thermometer it was not.

"Ah, well, I'm tired," she excused herself. She leaned against him, letting her forehead drop on his shoulder, and their silence must have had a rich eloquence for her, for presently she smiled up into his face. "You know, I shouldn't be surprised if we made a success of it, you and I," she confided.

Anything seemed possible in the rich warmth of that moment.

"Yes; we will make a success of it," he repeated huskily. And yet, when she had gone upstairs, he sat for a long time rigidly still, longing to follow but ruling himself, tightening his defences, testing his strength.

If only the two passions of his life had not conflicted!

(To be continued next month)

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 16

no mark on her mind. And when the shot, crashing out of the steamy silence of the park, brought her trembling to her feet, her first thought, her only thought, was of Alix.

As he sprang to the French windows Inspector Manderton shouted to Gerry Leese to remain behind with the ladies. But either Gerry didn't hear him or declined to be left out of any excitement that was going. At any rate, he simply darted out at the detective's heels. And Freckles, seeing that the men had departed by the verandah, quietly made her exit by the door. What the shot portended she did not know. She merely had the feeling that Alix was in trouble and that she must be with her.

She ran through the drawing-room and slipped into the gardens by the back way. She had no precise idea of the direction whence the shot had rung out, but as she emerged from the house she heard a distant hail from below. Forthwith she plunged helter-skelter down the staircase connecting the terrace levels and did not stop until she reached the railings bordering the Wilderness. There she paused and listened.

And then she saw in the Wilderness, about fifty yards away on the other side of the fence, a stooping figure shambling swiftly out of a thicket, and, without looking round, vanish noiselessly behind a bush. It was Vroque! There was no mistaking that gawky form, the creased tussore suit hanging loosely on the tremendous limbs.

"Mr. Vroque!" she piped shrilly, but the only answer was a faint shivering among the leaves.

Thirty yards to her left was the swing gate in the railings giving on the path which led down to the sea door. In a second she was at the gate. She did not pause to open it but vaulted lightly over and bolted down the path. As she went, from the distance behind her, a whistle trilled three insistent blasts, shocking all the echoes of the Wilderness into affrighted remonstrance. She checked her pace; but

Continued on page 51

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The Golden Anklet

Continued from page 29

of her tiny feet. He lost interest again in the anklet. With a good-natured laugh at the old man's plaintive harangue he picked up the disturbing trinket and stepped into the street. "Tomorrow, Father Moosa, we will talk," he flung over his shoulder, much to the goldsmith's relief and undying gratitude. "The favor of Mohammed," he muttered again and again. "The favored of Allah, and a friend of Moosa the goldsmith!"

MUCH later, over a cold and cheerless supper, Gerhard felt far from being a favored mortal. As usual the rosy shoes had led him a pretty chase. Why the devil should he always manage to pick out a female who lived in some ungodly suburb? And this time his insane passion for feminine footwear had betrayed him. Worse, it had frightened the silly woman and she had screamed. Lord, what a predicament! He wondered if the ruffian whose neck he had all but broken had been a husband or a father—not that he cared a continental. He was sick of the whole thing. Neither seraphic voices nor curse-laden anklets interested him further. He was done with foolishness. Tomorrow he would leave Damascus forever.

But tomorrow was not yet, and the night stretched ahead in a dismal eternity. The old woman who managed his house was gone for the night. Ibrahim also—to some gambling den, no doubt. The rascal never stayed about if he found an excuse to stray. Never before had the old house seemed so lonely and abysmal. A hundred generations of Moorish nobles had lived and died there. So he had been told. He no longer doubted it. Well, tonight the jealous ghosts might have it for their own. Tomorrow he would leave Damascus; tonight he'd see the old city under the spell of darkness and starlight for the last time.

With no other objective in view Gerhard drifted into the city; through this place and that of former interest; curiously indifferent to what had once captivated him, entirely absorbed by his cheerless thoughts.

Finally, worn with so much futile wandering he found himself a willing guest of the Jasmine Gardens; a vile enough place at any time, viler still in the deep of the night. A den of iniquity where desert Arabs drank black coffee and gambled away their possessions whether camel, ass or woman, and leered at the perfumed beauties who cavorted before them to the strains of weird and sensuous music. Gerhard consumed a dozen thimblefuls of very excellent coffee, watching the while with bored contempt the abandonment of lust and seduction all about him. The very air vibrated with it. Nothing clean could long survive the Jasmine Gardens. And then, more arresting in that unholy place than a shriek of agony, a sudden silence—a dead lull in all that roar of sounds, revived his interest. Some deviltry was surely afoot.

For once he was wrong. Deviltry was not the word for it. Magic, rather, white magic at that. From the dark chasm of a distant doorway a diminutive figure swathed in gossamer veils floated out upon the grimy floor of the court within. A human lotus flower all grace and light she drifted rather than danced. A many-winged butterfly circling and soaring—white, all white; save only the rose-colored petals that were her little feet!

The heart turned over in the breast of Gerhard, once, twice and twice again. A very plebeian proceeding. Yet, who can blame him? Even from the shadows that generously hid his confusion he caught, now and again an

unmistakable flash of green on the graceful flying feet. But of course—what a fool he had been! Was not the peacock the Bird of Happiness; the rightful badge of a Giver of Joy?

How she danced! No Oriental undulations, sensuous and suggestive about it! Sheer grace it was; the soul incarnate of youth and joyousness! When she had finished the enraptured crowd burst into noisy applause, showering the ground at her tiny feet with coins, colored beads, candied rose-leaves—anything they had at hand. Or so it seemed to the disgusted Gerhard. Then they called for the Dance of Allah.

Sinking like a shadow to the ground the little dancer removed the rose-colored slippers and a cloud of veils, rising again from the drift of these clad only in a sheath of silver cloth that clung to her lovely body like the stars to their heaven. Hair like the shadows of the night floated behind her, and the little mouth that laughed beneath the whisp of mask that half revealed the glory of eyes and brow, was sweetly curved and red as pomegranate. All this was enough to intrigue the fancy of any man but what changed the face of life for the last of the Amuers was the flash of gold on one slender ankle. The little dancer of the honey-colored feet, of the pliant silver body and the pomegranate mouth danced to the tinkle of tiny-bead-like bells that clung like lovers' kisses to the gold of her ankle. And she danced in the face of a curse, for this was the granddaughter of Omar!

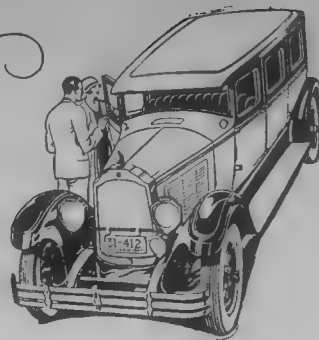
THE temper of the crowd was especially hectic that night. A natural reaction, doubtless, to those foregone days of penitence and piety. Even the East has its moments of fire. Like dervishes hailing a saint they proclaimed their favor, rising in a body to block her passage when she made to slip away. They were not done with her. She must dance again. They might not see the like again in a season of moons.

"Dance, dance, my pretty houri," yelled a bearded son of the desert. "Dance, my shining dove. Love shall be the prize." So she danced and danced again. Danced till the little feet lagged and the pomegranate mouth quivered like a bud in a cruel wind. And the heart of Gerhard ached for her.

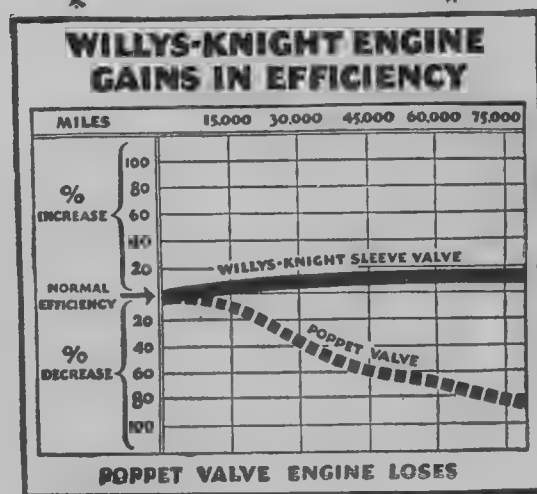
But even her wonderful courage must some time break. Gerhard saw it coming and cursed his helplessness. With a sudden bird-like whirl she wheeled and fled in a breathless panic toward the door she frequented. Fled like a frightened wild thing toward freedom and found the door locked! Gleeful devils, the impassioned crowd roared and laughed at her. Ho, she would leave them, the pretty houri? Well, they had tricked her. Theirs she was, never doubt it. Did she think to cheat them? Heartless and cruel, they giped and jeered at her.

Gerhard leaped to his feet, his eyes as cruel as their own. Passion lent him a terrible dignity. Without haste, without bluster he bore down upon them avenging juggernaut. The cold hatred with the merciless precision of an of his inscrutable face dampened their cowardly ardor. The great Sahib had murder in his eye! The great Sahib was offended! True, but now he had no time to deal with them. The pitiful sobs of the little dancer kept him steeled to a saner purpose. Splendid in anger he strode among them. "Make way," he thundered, "Make way, jackals of the desert. What the Sahib buys he buys! Make way for the Sahib's dancer."

Continued on page 47



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WILLYS-KNIGHT



Thirst Quenchers

NOTHING is more refreshing on a hot summer day than a tall glass of some frosty fruit drink, with ice tinkling in it. An appalling sum of money is spent every year on trashy bottled drinks, which are to say the most for them, of no benefit whatever to the human body, and many of them may be positively harmful. If they did no other harm, they prevent small children from drinking as much milk as they should. It is impossible, nowadays, in most places, to buy a wholesome drink of lemonade, made with real lemons and sugar. We are not criticizing such wholesome bottled drinks as grape-juice, raspberry vinegar, etc., which are what they profess to be.

Fruit drinks, besides being so delicious, are valuable sources of minerals and vitamins. Lemons and oranges are especially valuable. Limes are equally good, but are not so easily obtained. Of the berries, raspberries are the favorite.

Sugar does not dissolve very readily in cold water, so it is advisable to keep a jar of syrup in the pantry for instant use in making drinks.

Plain Syrup

Sugar, 1 lb. Water 2 c.
Boil for 5 minutes, and bottle

Cold milk drinks to be taken through a straw, or the glass sippers which may be bought for five cents apiece, are excellent for the little people who are not very willing to take just plain milk in hot weather.

Dainty cookies or sandwiches with some delicious drink are quite adequate refreshments to serve for any summer afternoon or evening party, with, if one wishes, the addition of some frozen dish for a more elaborate affair.

If one has not a shaker, an egg-beater will give good results in producing various "shakes." Charged water may be used occasionally if somebody wants a "fizzy" drink.

Fruit syrup of different kinds may be kept on hand for instant use, and to prevent spattering one's nice dress while squeezing lemons, etc., after company comes.

Orange Syrup

Sugar, 1 lb. Water, 1 c.
Lemon, 1

Oranges, 5 large or 6 small
Boil the sugar and water 5 minutes. While hot pour over the grated rind and the juice of the oranges and lemon. Let stand, after mixing well, for an hour or two, then strain into a glass jar. Lemon is always used to bring out the flavor of other fruits.

Lemon Syrup

Make like orange syrup, using 6 lemons.

Fruit Syrups

Add any preferred fruit juice, strawberry, cherry, peach, raspberry, etc. to 1 quart of plain syrup and the juice of 1 lemon. Dilute with ice water or chipped ice. Canned fruit juice may be used.

Chocolate Syrup

Sugar, 2 c. Cocoa, 1 c.
Water, 2 c. Salt, ½ t.

Mix together and boil slowly for 10 minutes. Bottle for either hot or cold drinks.

Chocolate Syrup II

Melt 5 squares of unsweetened chocolate in the upper part of a double boiler, add 2 c. sugar, 2 c. boiling water and a speck of salt. Cook 5 or 10 minutes, cool, add 1 t. vanilla, and bottle.

Lemonade

Cold water Lemon syrup
Garnish with crushed mint leaves or a spoonful of red currant or cranberry jelly in each glass.

Chocolate Nectar

In each glass put 2 t. of chocolate syrup, fill the glass with ice-cold milk. Put a little whipped cream on top.

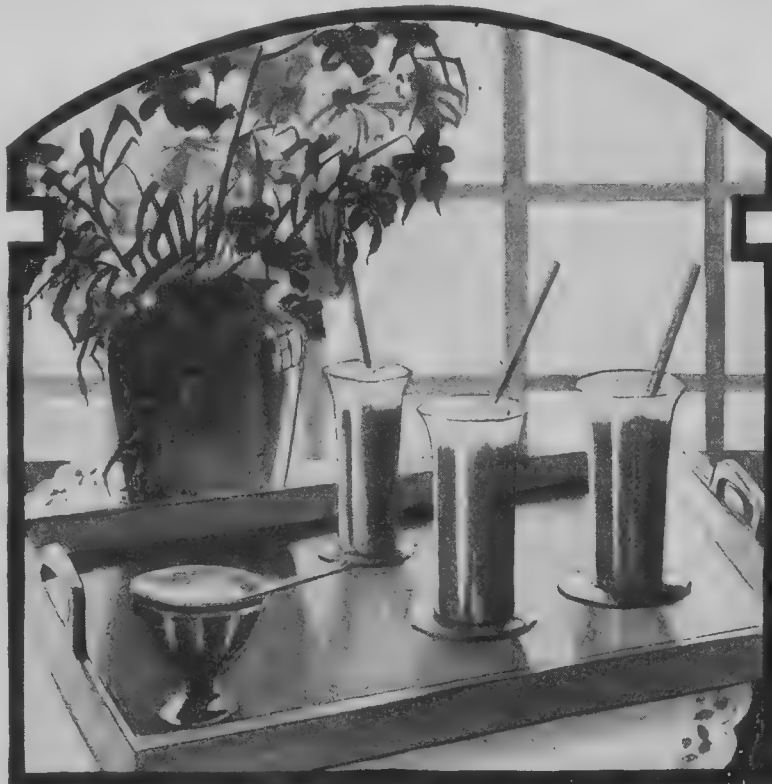
Raspberry Vinegar

Raspberries, 4 qts. Vinegar, 1 qt.
Sugar

Put half of the berries in a bowl or crock, cover with the vinegar and let stand in a cool place for two days. Mash the berries and strain through a cheese cloth. Add two quarts of fresh berries, cover, and let stand another two days. Strain and put in a kettle with a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Heat slowly, skim when it begins to boil, and boil for 20 minutes. Seal in sterilized bottles, with sterilized corks. Dip the corks in hot wax.

Grape Juice

Grapes, 10 lbs. Sugar, 2 or more lbs.
Water, 4 c.



Fruit drinks, besides being so delicious, are valuable sources of minerals and vitamins

Wash and stem the grapes, crush and put in a kettle. Cook gently for 20 to 30 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth, squeezing out all the juice. Add the sugar, using 4 c. or more, according to how sweet one likes it. Cook 15 minutes. Strain again, reheat and seal in sterilized bottles, using the same precautions as in making Raspberry Vinegar.

Currant Punch

Currant juice, 1 qt. Lemons, 6
Syrup to sweeten Oranges, 6
Tea, 2 c. Cold water, 3 qts.

Block of ice

Mix altogether in a punch bowl, reserving 3 of the oranges to slice and add to the punch. This will make a large quantity for a number of people.

Mint Julep

Mint, 1 bunch Ice water, 2 c. Juice of 3 lemons
Syrup to sweeten Ice water, 4 c.

Chop the mint, add the 2 c. ice water, and let stand overnight. When ready to serve, add the 4 c. of ice water, the lemon juice, and syrup till sweet enough. Garnish the glasses with whole sprigs of mint.

Variations of Lemonade

For 6 glasses, use:

Water, 4½ c. Lemon juice, ¾ c.
Sugar, 1¼ c.

Grape juice lemonade—Substitute 2 c. grape juice for 2 c. water.

Raspberry lemonade—Substitute 2 c. of juice from crushed berries.

Pineapple lemonade—Substitute 2 c. pineapple juice for 2 c. water.

Ginger ale lemonade—Substitute 2 c. ginger ale for 2 c. water.

or all ginger ale and no water may be used.

Raspberry Punch

Sugar, ¾ c. Water, 2 c.
Lemon juice, 4 tb. Orange juice, 2 c.
Raspberry juice, 1 c.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Chill and add the fruit juices and enough chipped ice to make 6 glasses.

Spiced Punch

Sugar, ½ c. or less Orange juice, 2 c.
Lemons, 2 Grape juice, 2 c.
Fresh hot tea, 2 c.

Whole cloves, about 8 or 10

Pour the hot tea over the lemons, sliced, sugar and cloves. Let stand till chilled. When ready to serve, strain, add the orange and grape juice, and a little chipped ice.

Rhubarb Punch

Water, 4 c. Sugar, 2 c.
Orange juice, 1 c. Lemon juice, 4 tb.
Rhubarb cut in pieces, 4 c.

Ice water, 2½ c.

Stew the rhubarb in the water till soft, strain and add the sugar. Stir and chill. When ready to serve, add the fruit juices and ice water.

Fruit Punches

There is a big variety of fruit punches, which may be made from the juices on hand. Tea is an excellent basis for them.

I

A syrup made of Water, 4 c.
Sugar, 2 c.

Orange juice, 1 c. Lemon juice, ½ c.
Grated pineapple and juice, 2 c.

Dilute with ice water. This may be served without straining if one wishes.

II

Strawberry juice, 2 c.
Lemon juice, ½ c.
Orange juice, 2 c.
Chipped ice

This quantity makes enough for 30 or 40 people.

III

Sugar, 1 c. Orange juice, 1 c.
Hot tea, 1 c. Ginger ale, 2 c.
Lemon juice, ½ c. Charged water, 2 c.

Dissolve the sugar in the tea, cool, add the lemon and orange juice, and when ready to serve, the ginger ale and charged water or ice water or additional tea, with a large piece of ice.

IV

Sugar, 1 c. Orange juice, 2 c.
Hot tea, 2½ c. Raspberry juice, 1 c.
Pineapple, 1 c. Ginger ale, 1 qt.
Lemon juice, 1 c. or charged water

Continued on page 45

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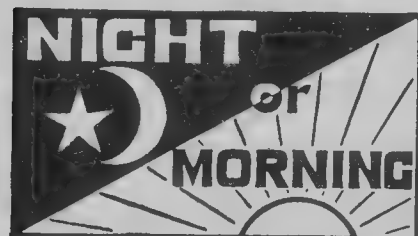
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MURINE

FOR YOUR
EYES

BETTER COOKER

Continued from page 44

Add the sugar and fruit juices to the hot tea. Chill, pour over the block of ice in the punch bowl, and when ready to serve, add the ginger ale or charged water.

V

Grape juice, 1 c. Juice of 1 lemon
Pineapple juice, 2 c.
Ginger ale, 1 bottle
Crushed ice or ice water

Egg Shake

For each glass use:

Eggs, 1 Milk, 1 c.
Sugar, 1 tb. or less
Flavoring (Vanilla or any other desired)
Separate the egg, to the yolk add the sugar and milk. Shake or beat well, add the stiffly beaten white, and beat or shake again. Serve with a straw in a tall glass. This may form a substantial part of a child's meal.

Chocolate Fluff

Eggs, 1 Nutmeg
Chocolate syrup, 2 tb.
Chilled milk, 1 c.
Beat or shake the egg yolk, syrup and milk. Beat the egg white, add $\frac{1}{2}$ t. sugar, and pour over it the chocolate mixture, and sprinkle with nutmeg.

With Ice and Salt

Fortunate is the family which owns an ice cream freezer and an ice house. Several times a week it is possible to have some frozen food during the hot weather. Usually it is in the form of dessert. If one keeps the equipment in a convenient place it takes no longer to produce an ice of some kind than to make a cake or pie or a pudding.

Freezers are of two types—those which do the freezing by means of a crank and those which freeze their contents by a vacuum process. The directions accompanying a freezer should be carefully studied, then faithfully followed to obtain good results.

Ice and salt when combined, cause each other to melt. The act of melting requires heat, which is taken from the most readily available source, which in this case, is the mixture in the inner container of the freezer. As heat is withdrawn from it, it becomes colder till it freezes. The usual proportion of ice and salt used, is one of salt to four of ice. Rock salt is better than finer salt. The ice should be broken up into fine pieces. A very convenient method is to put it in a sack and pound with a wooden mallet.

As everything expands when frozen, the can should not be filled more than two-thirds full, in order to allow for the expansion.

The mixture should be sweeter and more strongly flavored than would be desirable if unfrozen as the very cold state makes flavor less pronounced.

The mixture to be frozen should be as cool as possible before being put in the freezer. Have the freezer clean and ready, with the can properly adjusted in the tub, the dasher in place and some ice and salt packed around it. Pour in the mixture, adjust the top and crank, then turn slowly for the first five or ten minutes. After that, it may be turned more rapidly. The cream should be frozen in from fifteen to twenty minutes, not less. The turning should be steady. If done too rapidly at the beginning it may be filled with unpleasant little bits of ice, or churned into particles of butterfat equally unpleasant.

Raw fruit may be added when the mixture is about half frozen, or may be soaked in sugar syrup for an hour or so, to prevent being frozen too hard.

When the freezing is completed, the cover and dasher are removed, care being taken that no salty water gets into the can, the cream scraped down and packed more closely, then the cover replaced, with a cork inserted in the hole through which the dasher protrudes, to prevent the seeping in of salty water, well packed with salt and ice and covered with a piece of old carpet or sacking, and left to "ripen" for an hour or so. The texture and flavor are much improved by this ripening process. If the cream is expected to stand

Continued on page 46



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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 45

much more than an hour, at the end of that time, the water should be run off and fresh ice and salt used.

To Mold Ice Cream

If an ice is to be molded, it is first frozen like any ice cream. Any fancy pudding molds with tight lids are used, or baking powder cans are satisfactory. The frozen cream is tightly packed in it, the cover put on and the edge bound with a strip of cotton dipped in butter, lard or cooking oil, to prevent any salty water from seeping into the mold. The molds are then buried in ice and salt. A smaller proportion of salt may be used than for freezing the cream. When ready to serve, turn the mold, after removing the strip of cloth and the lid, upside down on a plate or platter. The warmth of the room should be enough to let it slip out of the container, but if it does not, lay a cloth dipped in warm water, on the outside of the mold for an instant.

Layers of different kinds of creams or ices may be molded in this way, but would necessitate a different freezer of each kind used, so would not be practical for ordinary family use.

Frozen desserts are of several varieties. There are those made of cream or milk, either cooked or uncooked; fruit juices and water sweetened; those to which beaten egg white or gelatine have been added; and the mixtures of whipped cream and various flavors which are frozen without stirring.

Water Ices

For these, uncooked fruit juices are sweetened, diluted with water and frozen. Whatever juices or combinations of juices are used, a little lemon juice brings out the flavor.

The fruits may be heated a little to better extract the juices. They are frequently strained to remove small seeds which are objectionable. Whole fruits or bits of larger fruits are sometimes used as a garnish when serving.

Hard fruits need to be stewed in water to secure the juice. A good proportion to use is one quart of berries, picked over, hulled and washed, two cups, or more or less according to taste, of sugar, and one quart of water and the juice of one lemon. If the sugar is let stand with the crushed fruit for a time before straining and adding the water, it helps to extract the juice. Less water makes an ice more strongly flavored with the fruit or fruits, which may be combined in a number of pleasing varieties.

A Few Good Combinations

1. Two cups of grapejuice, two of sugar, one of lemon juice, one of orange juice, and water to taste.
2. One cup of currant, one of raspberry, one of orange juices, the juice of one lemon, sugar and water to taste.
3. One cup of juice from stewed apple, one of blackberry, one-half cup of lemon juice, sugar and water.
4. One cup of cherry juice, one of strawberry juice, one of pineapple juice, one-half cup of lemon juice, sugar and water.
5. Two cups raspberry juice, one and one-half cups sugar, one quart water, three tablespoons lemon juice.
6. One cup raspberry juice, one cup currant juice, two tablespoons lemon juice, sugar and water.
7. Four cups juice from apple sauce, one cup lemon juice, two or three tablespoons syrup from preserved ginger, sugar to sweeten.
8. Four cups water, two cups sugar, three-quarters cup lemon juice.
9. To lemon ice add a few drops of oil of peppermint or steep a few mint leaves in the lemon juice, then strain before adding the sugar and water.
10. Two cups orange juice, one-half cup lemon juice, two cups sugar, four cups water.
11. One quart of cherries, scalded to extract the juice, a syrup made by boiling for five minutes water and sugar in amounts equal to the cherry juice, and one-fourth cup of lemon juice.

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The Golden Anklet

Continued from page 43

The trick worked, for by this time the Sahib of the Black Camel was known through Damascus. Known and respected and not alone for the weight of his purse; feared, likewise, and for the same reason. Because of that salutary fear the little dancer found the way opening before her and like a broken reed she slipped through the ranks of her cruel tormentors. Like an angry Caliph the last of the Amuers stalked after her. No one essayed a question, voiced a doubt or attempted to stop them. Thanks to the busy tongue of Moosa most of the revellers understood that the Presence, favored of Allah, must do as he liked. However, the nomads of the desert were not so well instructed; nor quite so much affected by the piety of towns. But, just then, Gerhard gave neither townsmen nor desert dwellers the benefit of more than a free passport to Hades.

Once outside, the exhausted girl crumpled up in a limp little heap in the dust and debris of the narrow street. Gerhard caught her up, as once before he had done, and grateful for the lingering dusk, bore her to a place he knew—a carpenter's stall empty now that the good carpenter was a pilgrim in Mecca. Here, in peace, she sobbed against his comforting shoulder. The comfort was short-lived. More effective than sympathy, the slow muffled sound drifting through the darkness dried the dancer's tears.

"Sahib," she whispered in a sudden agony of apprehension, "you hear it? Shh—it is . . . Oh, Sahib, it is he!"

"He?"

"Ahi! the devil with the black beard . . . it is not the first time—"

"Quick!" interrupted Gerhard, certain now of the carefully muffled footfall. "Quick, into that cupboard, and not a sound, no matter what happens!"

The girl safely out of the way, he slipped outside where a shelf of water jugs afforded precarious shelter. Almost in the same instant a human devil with fury in his heart dropped like a panther from the overhanging roof; the knife in his hand just missing his intended victim. In his mad plunge the murderous Arab had caught the edge of the nearest water-jar with his flying burnoose; a mishap deflecting his aim and saving the disadvantaged Gerhard. Perhaps it was the flash of steel that wakened something ancient as the Amuer glories, ruthless as their purpose, in the soul of Gerhard. As he leaped to meet the prowler he laughed—laughed as the sons of Allah laugh at the death of an infidel. In her cupboard the little dancer covered her ears and shivered at the sound of it.

The Arab was strong and agile as a cat; like a maddened animal he lunged at his prey, his body a hate-impelled battering-ram, his fists a whirlwind of punitive hammers. But in all generations the Amuers were masters of fencing and the Glima, Gerhard spun like a top, dodged like a weasel, waiting an opening to apply the old Norse cunning. A sudden spring, lightning catch, amazingly light and swift and the infuriated Arab found himself swung through the air like a bag of meal. "Dog of an infidel! Son of perdition!" he howled as he leaped to his feet again. "Accursed blasphemer—!" A blow like the crash of doom relieved him of consciousness and the need of further pious delineations.

Gerhard shrugged at the sprawling thing at his feet. Shrugged again, but differently, at the timid girl peering from the doorway. "Waste of energy that," laughed he, wiping his hands on a square of monogrammed linen.

"Greasy lot, these Arabs," He added apologetically, "a greasy and bad-tempered lot."

"The Sahib is not hurt?"

For answer he gathered her into the safety of his decidedly good arms, and without so much as another glance at the recumbent son of Allah led her out into the quiet street. Dawn was breaking in the east; the grey twilight giving way to amber and orange and translucent flame. Not so far away the Onmeade Mosque lifted its magnificent dome to the smiling sky. Gerhard had an inspiration.

"After so much ugliness, suppose we give thanks—say, to the God of Dreams, by witnessing a beautiful sight. Sunrise on the Mosque is a glorious spectacle."

"The Holy Mosque at sunrise! Ahi, yes, Sahib, it is fitting. Let us go there."

IN THE still silent courtyard of the Joiners' bazaars they found a kind retreat. Just before them rose the bulk of the ancient house of worship, the gold of the sun breaking in a shower upon its noble dome. All at once, like the lark in the sky came the Muezzin's call: "Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah. Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul il Allah. . . ." Very old was the Muezzin, seen from the minaret, his beard and head were shining silver. Very old, and very devout, his wavering voice a thread of silver—all silver was the messenger of Allah. Sounds of awakening life were heard now on every side. Comfortable, placid sounds as if all Damascus had suddenly yawned, blinked at the glory of the dawn and stretched with lazy pleasure in the joy of living.

"Beautiful," sighed the weary little dancer. "Perhaps it is so in Paradise—"

"Undoubtedly," Gerhard agreed with conviction, his eyes on the sweet face lying like a flower against the dark tweed of his shoulder. "Paradise enough for me, Giver of Joy!" And he laughed, reflecting upon his debt to the rash Arab lying back there in the dust of the alley. Fear of him had driven her to his arms; driven discretion to the winds also for the foolish mask was forgotten and the veils left behind. Beautiful he had known she must be, but not so beautiful as this!

She, too, hugged her secret happiness, thankful for the sweet serenity of the moment, but sadness, like a velvet shadow haunted her soft brown eyes. Childlike and trusting she unburdened her heart: "Sahib, may Allah reward you for your help—for all your interest—"

"Interest!" he interrupted her. "Have you any idea of the shoe leather I've abused in search of you?" Very pretty but very fleeting was the merriment that illuminated her face. "I am but a poor judge of leather, Sahib."

Then it came out with a rush. Living was so difficult in Damascus, and what could a lone girl do? Alia was faithful but so very old. Only beauty paid—one way or another. . . . At first the novelty of her dancing had sufficed, but tonight the Sahib had seen. What then tomorrow?

"Tomorrow is yet an eternity away. Tomorrow is always kind."

Her smile was like a delicate caress, the touch of a lover's hand. "The Sahib is wise. But what must his thoughts be of me?" At that Gerhard came into his Kalmac inheritance. "My beloved, my beautiful, it is not a question of thought but of life itself. Why, as I see it, I've loved you from that very first moment at the Gate of God."

Continued on page 48

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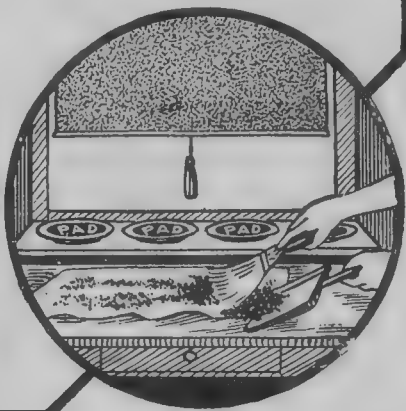
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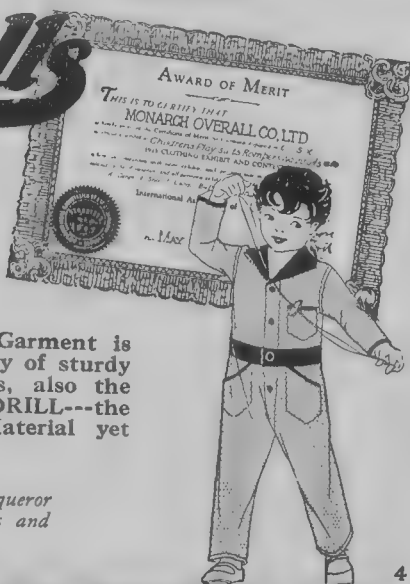


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The Golden Anklet

Continued from page 47

"No, no, Sahib," she struggled to be free. "Say not so. No good could come of it. No good has ever come of it. Another country; other customs—another God claims the Sahib. There is no compromise. . . ."

This was Gerhard's hour of inspirations. He recalled an incident of another day—that unvariableness of the East for once should serve him. Laughing softly, he caught her back to his heart and kissed the crown of her little black head. "Very wrong you are, my beautiful, as you shall presently see. Very, very wrong, for I shall take you away from this weary land where men have forgotten the joy of the world—to a country where life is still young."

"Ahi, Ahi! but I am now an outcast! A dancing girl disgraced! An earner of coins! Oh, Sahib, think not that otherwise I should be here unveiled . . . the pastime of a stranger."

"Allah be praised, there is always a loophole. More luck to the tribe of dancing girls. But again you are wrong. Say not a pastime, but a lifetime!"

"Oh, cruel!" she reproached him with a sad little moan. "The Sahib knows better. Yet, if it might be—but that were folly for the house of Omar crumbles under a curse. Besides, though it grieves me to say so, Sahib, how could a True Believer worship Allah in the house of the infidel?"

"Grief is so unbecoming to a pretty face," he teased her, "and as unprofitable. What if I prove your mistake in this matter of the Prophet? What if I show you that the house of Mohammed has sheltered the words of another there many centuries?"

"Impossible, Sahib. Allah is a jealous God and Mohammed is his prophet."

Gerhard shrugged. "Of prophets there are no end. But you shall see for yourself. Come, beloved, walk without fear for all this place is known to me and the good joiners my friends."

UP a steep ladder to the roof of the bazaars. He led her over these in silence till they reached the southern door of the ancient Mosque. A wide, imposing door it had once been, filled now with masonry and almost concealed by the tawdry shops below, clinging like hungry leeches to the flank of the sacred building. Only the entablature with its rich carving and Greek inscription remained to tell of the days when the Onmeade Mosque housed another faith. It was this inscription that Gerhard had discovered on his first visit to the Mosque, and which he now read for his astonished companion, translating slowly as he went: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is a Kingdom of all ages and Thy Dominion lasts throughout all generations."

She met his smiling eyes with the silent amazement of a child, a joyous glory in her face. "Kismet, Kismet!" she whispered breathlessly. "Oh, Sahib, surely it is fate—the will of Allah. But it seems very strange—"

"Perhaps. And yet, what is the kingdom of any prophet but a kingdom of righteousness? Have you thought of that, Beloved?"

"Ahi, Presence, what have I to do with wisdom? Still, in my heart it has always seemed best to be kind to all beliefs. Oh, Sahib, if it were not for that curse!"

Then indeed he laughed at her, and right there under the sunlit brow of the Holy Mosque, kissed her straight on the lips. "Believe me, Giver of Joy, a curse has its compensations. I know. But suppose you tell me about it."

"It is a sad tale, Presence. Still, if you command, the telling of it might beguile the long way home."

"I may not command but I certainly implore—not that the way needs be-guiling," he told her.

Back in the street again she began very simply. "It was like this, Sahib: In the days when the Blessed Mohammed wandered homeless in the wilderness a Persian merchant came upon him with his caravan and rendered some little service. When the Great Teacher came into his power he be-thought him of that simple service and desired to reward it. Now Omar, the Persian, had a daughter as fair as she was virtuous; the flower of his old age. Having seen and approved her, the Holy Prophet commanded a goldsmith to fashion such anklets for her twinkling feet as had never been devised or ever would be copied. And with his own hands he blessed the little bells, that were their chief ornament, that they might sing of happiness for her who danced their measure.

"Ever since that day an Omar of the Omars has resided in this city, and, until the year of Sorrows, the favor of Allah lighted the household. Alas! that evil should come in such sweet guises!"

"It was at the height of their power, when the Omar looms supplied the magnificent Caliphs, and their coffers knew no end of gold that the curse befell. In that day the mighty Yusef Omar Bey had a daughter who was his chiefest treasure and the delight of his widowed heart. Yasmine, she was called, and in an evil hour so, too, was I named. . . . This unfortunate lady was lounging in the garden of her palace one summer's day when, from a neighboring housetop a stranger saw her. Fascinating, he doubtless was, Sahib—after the fashion of infidels . . . and a prince in power."

Gerhard had listened to her halting tale with ever-deepening interest and amazement. Could it be? But of course it must. Incredible or not, it must be so. He saw it all in a flash—the fair Mohammedan; the dashing cavalier; love that knew no bounds—then flight . . . untold terrors—and death.

"Let me finish," he helped her. "They loved, those two, as you and I love . . . And they had the courage of their love."

"Ahi! Sahib, Allah pity them. Yet to what purpose? When they thought themselves safe in the Mediterranean a galley put after them. . . . It is said the great Sahib escaped but the wrath of Allah followed him."

"I'd call it another name, my sweet, but go on."

"There is little else—in her mad flight the lady Yasmine had lost her anklet. Omar found it near the window of her tower and understood that the face of Allah was henceforth turned from his house." She lifted her lovely eyes to him appealingly. But Gerhard missed their plea, something in his Amuer blood taking fire at her statement. He shrugged impatiently.

"What rot! What divine conceit! How confidently haven't the pious of every land doled out the mercy of God. Measuring the Infinite by the meanness of their finite hearts!"

"Yet it is true, Sahib," she defended herself swiftly. "From generation to generation the Omars have diminished in power and prestige." He scarcely heard her. All the old resentment at the stupidities of man-imposed misery rekindled in his heart. Swift to anger, he raged in secret. With but one life to live, thought he, why impede and burden and break the little joy of it with so many delusions, savage faiths and slavish conventions? Why measure to-day with the rule of yesterday? What stupidity; what waste; what a curse, indeed!

Continued on page 49



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The Golden Anklet

Continued from page 48

She misread his silence. The strange and sudden grimness of his face, so lit with indulgent sympathy but a moment ago quite terrified her. Hope deserted her and the heart seemed a stone in her bosom. But what else had she expected? What right had she to hope at all? And yet . . . and yet—

Absorbed in like painful fancies they came at last to the tanner's lot. To Yasmine it seemed the end of life and like a wounded dove she resolved to slip away in silence to the dreariness aloft. But pain, pride, disillusionment, was alike forgotten at the sight of old Alia crouching at the foot of the rickety stairs, a groaning bundle of human misery.

"Ahi, that I should live to this day! Child of my sorrows . . . Oh, Allah, how difficult are thy ways! Yasmine, my little dove, not an hour since a pilgrim came from Mecca—a decent man and kind. In his arms the honorable Omar breathed his last."

"He is dead? My dear kind grandfather is dead? He is dead and the curse not lifted?"

"It is the will of Allah," groaned poor Alia. "May the Holy Prophet give peace to his soul."

"The will of Allah! Oh, Sahib, you see?—there is no end of sorrows!"

With ineffable tenderness he drew her into his arms. "Once again you are wrong, my lovely Yasmine. This is the end of Sorrows. The good Omar sleeps in the shadow of the Mighty and the blessing of the Prophet is about to be restored." Laughing softly he drew from his pocket the forgotten anklet of the Amuers and with a gesture breathing of Knight-errantry gave it into her little hands.

Wonder dawned like a glory in her eyes; "Sahib, Sahib, it is true. . . . It has come, the Great Happiness. Forever-to-be-honored, how came this miracle?"

A moment more Yasmine hesitated, her face illumined with a thousand incommunicable things, then with a glad cry she flung herself into the arms so eager to receive her.

"Oh, Presence, it is clear at last. Your Prophet shall be my Prophet . . . His words are truth—Righteousness endures!"

Again he laughed in his inimitable fashion, his cheek against the shining tresses of her lovely head. "My beloved, no faith were difficult just now. But this I know, love is everywhere the same and love endures. A kingdom also I can promise you—the kingdom of my heart. Oh, Yasmine, if you can love me ever so little I will take you to a country where life is good and where a wonderful little lady waits to rejoice with me. A wonderful little lady who knew the course of happiness and set my feet upon it."

In the sweet humility of the East she lifted his hand to her forehead. "Presence, all that I ask is forever to serve you, in gladness and in grief; in affluence and affliction. Oh, Heart of my heart—how long have I loved you! How long must I love you still!"

"Better prophecy was never spoken, my Yasmine. Long indeed—so long as life endures." He kissed her for that, to the scandal of Alia who saw no occasion for such sweet foolishness in an hour so solemn. But they had forgotten her. "If that is a question," Gerhard teased his lovely Yasmine, "I can answer it promptly. But I warn you the sentence won't be light. You shall love me, beloved, as long as my heart is in the dust at your feet . . . and that will be as long as life shall last."

THE END



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Children's Cosy Corner

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"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

In August

All the long August afternoon
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June,
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

William Dean Howells.

Something Received

Edith Scotchbrook our little English friend, writes such a nice letter to tell us that since her picture appeared in the C.C.C. she has received seven letters from different parts of Canada and she is very busy answering them. Isn't the Cosy Corner a jolly place when you can make such good friends in it?

Auston Baker of Carnduff thanks the C.C.C. for the dandy jack knife. He says it's the first prize he has ever won.

Little Doreen Assmus of Swift Current prints us a nice letter of thanks too for her Cuddly Doll prize. She is only four, and a smart four I should think.

Alma Butt of Arcola sent us in a little story which we will publish because it is really quite a nice little story and Alma tells us she has tried so often to write, and has never had anything printed. Watch the C.C.C. Alma and try some of our competitions.

Merry Mount By Merry Mirth

(Fill in the vowels)

M-rry M-nt -s f-l -f f-n,
-t b-bb-l-s -p -n br-ks -nd str-ms;
-t spr-ts -nd sh-ts -ts t-ny r-ts,
-nd M-rry M-rth f-nds pl-nty th-m-s.
F-n h-d-s -m-ng th- fl-w-rs br-ght,
-ts p-p-ng th-gh th- tr-s -nd f-rns;
-nd M-rry M-rth -f M-rry M-nt,
F-nds f-n -n -v-ry p-th sh- t-rns.

Tongue Twisters by Puzzle Paul and Merry Mirth

Berryl bought Bertha a berry basket.
Bertha brought Berryl berries in the berry basket Berryl bought.

Happy Hope hopped hopefully through the fields.

Through the fields hopefully hopped happy Hope.

Sam stood setting the stately sails.

Stately set the sails set by Sam.

Merry Mirth's Fruit Poem

(Fill in blank to make rhyme)
The soldiers came with rolling drums,
We ordered "Halt", to serve them—

We put on hats all styles and shapes,
To clear the vineyard of its—

We roamed the woodland, none need teach us,
To fill our baskets, with ripe —

We put our money equal shares,
In an orchard, ripe with —

And then we bought more orchard lots,
Grandly treed with —

The boys came up with donkeyed rigs,
And piled them high with luscious —

Two Mauds, two Jeans, two Mays,
two Annes,
Brought in a treat of cream and —

Then came the skaters, with boots and
with skates,
Completed the feast with the sweetest
of —

IMPORTANT

Don't forget "Stop, Look and Listen"
Diaries should be sent in before Aug. 30th

The First Money I Earned

ONE day mother said if I would mind my sister Lois while she went to attend a sick lady she would give me fifty cents. I said I would. So mother went away and left me to mind Lois.

Now, Lois was very cross, she didn't want anyone but mother to mind her, but I wanted to get the fifty cents because I have never earned a cent before.

I had no brother to get in the wood or gather the eggs, so I left Lois in the house while I went out, before going I had told Lois to be a good little girl while I was out, she promising (yes) I left her.

While I was out she began to feel very hungry, and because no one was around to stop her from getting into things, she began opening the cupboard to see if she could get anything. She came to the cupboard where there was a can of jam. She thought it looked so tempting that she began to dig her fingers into it. She had on a blue dress, the jam upset on her dress and made a mark and her mouth and fingers were all over jam. She was becoming frightened that she might get into trouble for soiling her new dress.

So she went to the sink to wash it off but seeing the sink was too high she ran for a chair. Then bang! the door came open and I came in. Oh! wasn't Lois frightened, she knew it was I so she ran and hid in a corner. When I came in I found the can of jam on the floor then I knew Lois had been into mischief so I began to look around. Then I went in the washroom and here I found her in a little dark corner where she thought I couldn't see her. Then I noticed her new dress soiled, I was frightened because if mother saw how she was she would not give me the fifty cents which I had been promised. So didn't I work: I took off her dress and let it soak while I washed her fingers and face, then I began to scrub on her dress. I got the stain out and hung it up by the stove. It soon dried, and was ready to put back on Lois. Then mother came home, but to my surprise she never noticed her dress at the time. Then she gave me my first fifty cents.

ALMA BUTT

MOTHER MOUSE SAVES HER FAMILY

Etta M. Morse

ONE day last summer while cleaning out a small chicken house, I lifted a board and found beneath it, a little nest of feathers and straw, containing eight very tiny baby mice. The little mother was with them, but in a flash had scurried away to safety through a hole in the back of the chicken house.

Of course I knew the practical thing to do was to kill the young ones and set a trap for the old one, but I am not fond of killing, and besides I was curious to see how the mother mouse would meet this emergency in her family life; so I quickly went outside the coop and looked in through a knot hole, keeping very quiet.

In less than a minute the old mouse flashed back through the hole from which she had gone away. She was frantic with alarm and anxiety upon finding her home uncovered and her young in danger, and ran wildly back and forth a time or two. Then she found the nest, and instantly seizing one babe in her mouth, rushed out.

I could not see where she went, but in less time than it takes to tell of it, she was back after another little one. She carried out three of them, then gathered up a mouthful of bedding and whisked out with that, probably thinking it dangerous for the children to lie uncovered.

I noticed that the little mice kept very stiff and straight as they were being carried, like little sticks, and the mother mouse did not carry them by the back of the neck, as a cat carries her kittens. She took them up by whatever part was handiest—a hind leg, a front leg, a shoulder, or back.

To me it was very interesting little incident, showing this humble little mother's God-given love for her helpless little ones, and the promptness and efficiency with which she rescued them from their perilous situation.

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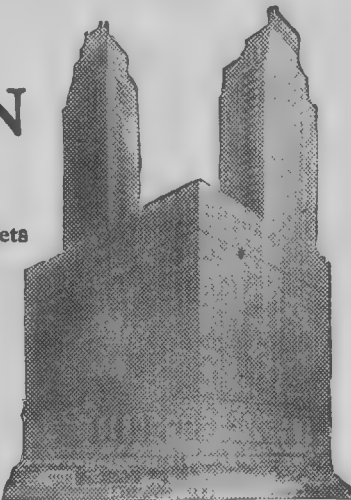
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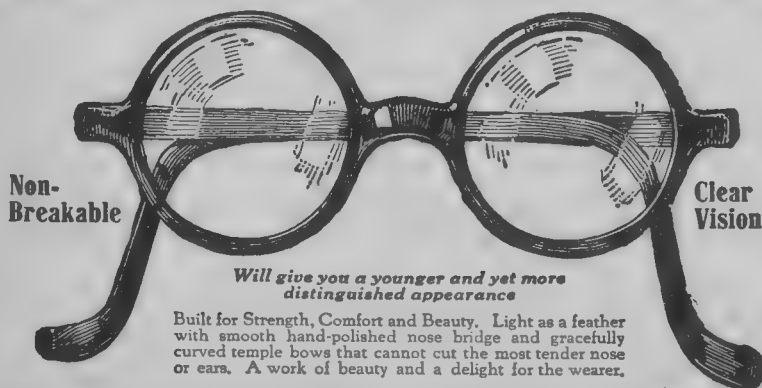
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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 42

then in front of her a hoarse shout rang out, answered from the rear by a sudden clamor of voices. She wondered what was happening, but she did not stop. Vroque was ahead of her; she could hear his heavy footfall on the path. She told herself he must be going in the right direction and continued to follow after.

The path wound frequently. Now the ivied pile of Node Tower emerged from above the trees and she knew that round the next bend she would come in sight of the sea door. Suddenly, from somewhere just ahead, came a muffled exclamation followed by a sharp crack, a thud and the sound of snapping twigs. Here under the trees the soil was yet greasy from the previous day's rain, and she was round the bend before she could stop herself, her rubber-shod feet slithering in the mud.

Now the sea door, flung wide, stood before her. On catching sight of it she gave a gasp of horror. For within the gate, just off the path, a man sprawled at the foot of an elm, limp and still, as though he had been crumpled up and flung aside. Terror-stricken, she approached and bent over the prostrate figure. There was blood on the face; but she recognized Manderton's assistant, Mallow. . . .

AND then, before she could speak or move, from behind her an enormous palm, soft and damp, folded itself, like a great leaf, across her nose and mouth, with hot, moist fingers that bored into her cheeks, bearing her irresistibly backward until she felt she must stifle. A long arm, crooked about her waist, caught her up, and she felt herself lifted clear off the ground. Now hoarse shouts and the tramp of heavy feet burst clamorously from the green depths of the Wilderness behind.

But she was helpless to summon aid. Unable to cry out, fighting desperately against the suffocating pressure of that pad of warm and pudgy flesh, she was swiftly borne through the gateway, down the steps and across the sand to the edge of the tide. There she was ruthlessly pitched forward into a boat which at the same moment glided into the water. Half-dazed, breathless and blazing with anger, she struggled to her knees in the bows to find herself confronting Vroque, who sat in the thwart, plying the sculls with short, powerful strokes.

The furious protest that was on her lips died there when she caught sight of his face. The ogre-like features were streaked with sweat and bleeding from many scratches. The pinkish, flaccid cheeks trembled, and the eyes, round as a cat's, their sea-green depths iridescent with an eerie glitter, bulged as though they would start from their sockets. The fleshy lower lip drooped pendulous to disclose the lolling tongue, fat and crimson like some unhealthy fungus, unbaring as it slobbered a broken line of irregular yellow stumps. The nostrils twitched and little specks of froth bubbled at the corners of the mouth. The girl went cold with fear as she contemplated that grimacing, gibbering mask of horror.

"Where are you taking me?" she faltered piteously. "I don't want to go with you, Mr. Vroque. I want to find Alix. . . ."

HE VOUCHSAFED no reply. They had drawn alongside the Sprite, moored close inshore, as Gerry had left her. Vroque signed to the girl to get on board. With a scared glance at him, she obeyed. He fastened the dinghy astern and, walking forward, cast off

Continued on page 52



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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 51

the moorings. The buoy dropped back into the water with a splash.

"Start the engine!" he told her over his shoulder.

She hesitated. Fear seared her mind like a white flame. The mystery of Stanismore's death . . . the shot . . . Mallow lying senseless on the path—swiftly her brain strung these links together. She had a confused recollection of talk in the morning-room about Vogue, of Manderton clamoring that he must be found. . . .

Vogue uttered an incoherent screech like an angry ape and came tumbling into the steering well. "Start the engine," he snarled again, with such menace in his tone that instinctively her eyes sought the land. Through the sea door a string of figures came pouring, streaming down the steps to the beach.

A bony hand crunched her shoulder, and the sharp spasm of pain chased away the numbing terror that had frozen her into inaction. Blindly her fingers sought the self-starter and the throttle. As the propeller began to thrash up the water she heard a great voice go booming across the shore, crying out in lurid language for a boat. But she knew that within a mile there was no boat other than the dinghy trailing in their wake.

The same instinct that, the Sprite once under way, led her to take the wheel, made her, almost unconsciously, point the Sprite at the black and white dice board of No Man's Fort, planted, like a huge, round piece of cheese, amid the white-capped wavelets of the fairway. Such was the course they always steered from Node to make Portsmouth or to run down to the Solent. She was as much at home in these intricate waters as in the mazy paths of the Wilderness. Her apprenticeship had been served in many long summer days afloat with Alix and Ned Fubsy in Ned's yawl, the Mercia. She knew the ebb and flow of the tides, she knew the buoys and the lights, and at all the island regattas the Mercia with Miss Dalglish at the sheet was a competitor to be reckoned with in the small yacht class.

"Oh, you're hurting me!" she gasped sobbingly as Vogue's agonizing clutch bit into her. "What do you want me to do?"

"Faster," cackled Vogue in her ear, and, as she gave the throttle a turn and the propeller's beat quickened, "Faster still!" he yelled once more.

With a sort of blind despair, her eyes on the leaping bow, she opened the throttle full out, and, with a sickening lurch, the Sprite sprang forward, burying her nose in a smother of hissing foam.

"Where are we going?" she asked of Vogue, who stood in the well below the little steering platform, his thin clothes flapping in the breeze.

"Past Cowes and down the Solent," his harsh voice answered. "After that—" he broke off and glanced sharply astern. Her small, firm hands gave the helm a sharp turn to port, laying the Sprite's nose dead on the centre of the fort.

With bow high out of the water, the graceful boat tore through the waves, flinging up on either side a lofty curtain of spray that hung lucent in the sunshine before rattling down like hail into the steering well.

Once Freckles stole a glance at her companion. Though he was standing below her, his great height brought his face flush with hers. Soaked to the skin, his yellow top knot blown about by the wind, he flinched at no wave or even deigned to wipe the salt water from his eyes. His features twisted into a sardonic grin; he was like a

vision of some evil god of the Southern Seas, arisen from the Pacific bed to ride the waters, silent, inscrutable, pitiless.

She put the helm over to enter the channel as they drew near the fort. A shout was wafted down to them from on high. A man hailed them from the top, his hands cupped about his mouth. His words were swallowed up in the roar of the Sprite's passage. Vogue stepped to the boat's side and stared aloft as the fort swung astern. Then, glancing over his shoulder at Freckles, he pointed significantly ahead, as though to bid her keep on.

She realized that she could do nothing but obey. As he had moved from her side to gaze up at the fort his tussore jacket, soaked to transparency, revealed to her the outline of a pistol in a side pocket. Here, she told herself, was the explanation of the shot, here the motive of his flight. If only she knew what that shot signified, at whom he had fired? Why, and with what result? Once more her mind flew back to her sister. Had anything happened to Alix? The question racked her brain. . . .

Ryde, with its pier thrust like a long arm into the sparkling sea, its graceful spires and mass of gray roofs, driven like a wedge into the wooded uplands, streamed by. From the pierhead, where the semaphore was busily jerking its gaunt arms, a shout rang out behind them. Looking backward, the girl saw a launch shoot out from the harbor in a flurry of spray. But the Sprite had the heels of anything they had seen afloat that afternoon and, in a little, the launch was lagging far astern.

Still the incident gave the girl a dash of hope. No Man's Fort, she knew, had a telephone line to the shore.

To be concluded next month

Home Made Perfume

By Mark Meredith

MOST of us as children, have attempted to manufacture scent from the sweet-smelling flowers in our fields and gardens; but, alas! our concoctions of petals soaked in water often resulted in an evil-smelling liquid which could not by any stretch of imagination be called perfume. So at last we gave up our experiments in despair, and continued to regard scent-making as a mysterious and complicated art which we might never hope to master.

Never was a greater mistake. The manufacture of perfume is not only simple but fascinating as well, and can easily be made a very profitable hobby. A girl I know who is the fortunate possessor of a large garden makes a good income by making and selling jars of most exquisite perfumes to her friends.

Blossoms which are fairly strongly scented are the best to use, such as roses, violets, lavender, etc., and they should always be gathered in the early morning, when their scent is at its best.

The only materials needed for this work are a few layers of wadding, such as is sold by any chemist or draper, some glass jars—jam-jars will answer the purpose admirably—and a quantity of the best lucca oil. Care should be taken that this is the purest article, for many inferior lucca oils are sold, and the quality of the scent depends largely on the oil.

Lay the petals out on a tray in the sunshine to remove all traces of moisture, and after thoroughly washing and drying the jars scatter a little salt at the bottom and cover it with a layer of petals.

Now with a sharp pair of scissors cut the wadding into rounded pieces which will fit into the jar. Pour a quantity of the oil into a pie-dish and saturate each piece of wadding well in the oil. Then lay a piece over the layer of petals; then more salt, and then another layer of wadding, and so on until the jar is full.

The pieces of wadding should be gently pressed from time to time to make certain

Continued on page 53

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The Confederation Train

By G. H. Lash

MUCH has been said in the past few weeks about Canada's sixty years. Statesman and journalists, writers and orators young and old, have paused to take stock of their country and to compare its present with its past. Scarcely a village has been too small to hold its celebration in honor of the men who fathered this vast country, and Canada has had every reason for being proud. Perhaps nothing could give a better idea of the astonishing growth of the Dominion in her sixty years than the new fast train which is now running on the Canadian National Railways' lines between Toronto and Vancouver and which was named "The Confederation" in honor of the Diamond Jubilee. It was appropriately named, for it provides an important interprovincial link between the old Canada and the new and its equipment is entirely the production of Canadian plants and Canadian workmanship.

For the first time in the history of the country the capital cities of the west have been linked by a direct line with Toronto, and Mayor Foster spoke truly when he congratulated the mayors of Winnipeg, Regina, and Edmonton, as well as of Brandon, Saskatoon and Vancouver, on the inauguration of "The Confederation" which, he said, was "evidence of the increased growth of trade and travel between Toronto and the Pacific coast." Mayor Foster's letters were carried on the train's initial run, June 24.

In equipping the new train, the Canadian National Railways gave tangible evidence of Canada's place in the world after three score years of amazingly rapid development. The equipment of "The Confederation" was specially built, the sleepers, diners and observation cars being the last word in design and the product of Canadian Manufacturers. Lighting and ventilation have received careful consideration and the compartment-observation-library-buffet cars are fine examples of design and workmanship. Not one of the Fathers of Confederation, no matter how far-seeing he was, dreamed of radio, of a rushing train plucking music out of the air for the pleasure of its guests, but it only goes to show how short even the wisest prophet may come in his vision of the future. Travellers on "The Confederation" have but to sit in the library car or even in their compartments or drawing rooms and put a receiver to their ears to be entertained with programmes from the great studios miles away.

It is interesting to note that the railway has carried the principle of commemorating the Jubilee in the title of the train further in naming the sleeping cars, each one of which is a memorial of one of the Fathers of Confederation, and the observation cars have received names of forts famous in the early history of Canada.

Home Made Perfume

Continued from page 52

that the jar is tightly packed together, and finally a piece of oil paper or parchment should be firmly tied over the top to exclude the air.

These jars should be placed in a sunny window or in any place where the full rays of the sun will fall upon them, for the more sun they get the more fragrance will the oil draw from the petals. At the end of three weeks they can be unsealed, and the oil drained away through a piece of fine muslin fastened across the mouth.

While doing this the wadding should be firmly pressed with a spoon, so as to obtain every possible drop of perfume out of it.

For the people who like fairly strong scents, a few clovers added to a jar of rose petals will greatly increase the piquancy of the perfume, or a root of orris, added to a jar of violet leaves, will enhance the scent of the violets.

Then, of course, many women like their perfumes blended, Rose petals and lavender go well together, or violets and rosemary, or rose petals with the addition of a few rosemary leaves, which, by the way, should be well pounded and bruised before they are used.

These home-made perfumes, if carefully made, give a lasting fragrance that can never be obtained in a shop-bought article and no more delightful present for a friend can be imagined than a dainty bottle of perfume, culled from the flowers of our own gardens.

Cool!

a Salad

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1 teaspoon mustard
1 can Eagle Brand milk
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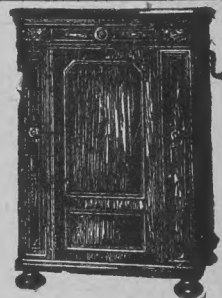
Beat first four ingredients vigorously for a few minutes, add vinegar, stir well, set aside a few hours to thicken. Will keep for weeks.

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Elections

SPEAKING about elections — which now, when there are no elections, Dominion or Provincial, in immediate prospect, one may do without being accused of wanting to talk politics—The Philosopher desires to set down a conclusion he has arrived at, after much pondering. The fundamental fact in a democracy, as has been proved by the histories of all democracies, ancient or modern, is not that a statesman should know how to govern wisely and well. No matter how patriotic and able he may be, he cannot have a chance of governing wisely and well unless he has first mastered the art of getting himself elected. The Philosopher is by no means the first to arrive at this conclusion, which is a profoundly true one. In fact, there is no political truth of greater importance, and none that can be compressed into as few words.

"Historical Relics"

"A MUSEUM for historical relics," says one of the Winnipeg newspapers, "is to be established in the Parliament Buildings. Sounds like starting a Senate here in Winnipeg." Which remark is one more indication of public opinion about the upper chamber at Ottawa. How many Manitobans know that Manitoba started out with a senate of its own in 1870, consisting of seven members appointed for life, and abolished it in 1876? Ontario, British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Alberta never had upper chambers. Quebec and Nova Scotia are the only Provinces that have them now, and in Nova Scotia there have been repeated efforts to abolish the "historical relic." Time and again there has been talk of abolishing, or at least reforming, the upper chamber at Ottawa. But the Senators have never let any such talk disturb their calm.

That Way Would Lie Disaster

OF ALL possible tendencies in the life of Canada the one which every true Canadian would have reason to regard as most undesirable would be a tendency toward division into classes; one of nice, pleasant people, with no desire to work, and consequently no great capacity to work, and the other of people able to work and determined to work and not afraid to work, but having little or nothing in common with the nice, pleasant, refined people. The sturdy, sterling qualities of Canadian character, which combines decency and honesty with courage and capacity and the willingness to work, can be trusted to prevent any such tendency from getting established. There could be no tendency more disastrous for the nation.

What True Canadianism Means

THE spirit of united Canadianism found inspiring expression in the Jubilee celebrations of Dominion Day all across Canada. May it continue to grow stronger from ocean to ocean! There is no way in which it can make itself felt more effectively than in work not alone for the advantage of ourselves and our families but in work as

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worthy citizens of Canada, keeping ourselves informed about public affairs and actively taking a hand in seeing to it that our country is rightly governed. Canadianism, from the beginning of Canada, has meant work. It has meant facing difficulties and overcoming them. It meant that for the pioneers. Conditions change, but the law of work does not change. Work, not self-indulgence and disregard of responsibilities in the pursuit of selfish aims, is the law of nature, if there is to be betterment of conditions and true progress. It is the law of the highest happiness for ourselves.

The Wonderland of Life

THE endless questions of children often tire the patience of their elders. Often, too, they cannot be answered. This fresh wonder, this insatiable curiosity of childhood is one of the most precious things in the world. It is the root from which grows knowledge. It is the source of the power which humanity has acquired over the forces of nature. Every great discoverer, every great inventor carries into mature life that eager thirst to know. Each one of us is born into a wonderland. But for most of us, as we grow out of childhood, the fascination and glamor of it all fade into everyday commonplace. The genius retains his sensitiveness to the wonder of the commonplace. Nature and life become more fascinating to him every day. When Faraday worked out his experiment with a current-bearing wire and a magnet, and so laid the foundation for all the immense developments the world has now of the application of electrical energy to serve human needs, he pranced around the table in a childish dance of delight, and made a visitor to his workshop join in the prancing. Happy are those for whom life does not lose its fascination and the world does not cease to be a wonderland.

What Goes On About Us

THE better we understand nature the better we understand ourselves, for we see something of our own lives reflected in the lives of the plants and animals about us, when they are understandingly considered. Every normal child is interested in outdoor things—in birds and all other living creatures and in flowers and trees and all other things of which the world is so full that, as the poet sings, we should all be as happy as kings—and desires to know about them. But in many cases this interest and this desire do not develop, because of lack of encouragement or lack of opportunity. Given encouragement and opportunity at the right time, they would surely develop. A child whose interest in birds, for instance, is once aroused is, as a friend of The Philosopher used to say, "ticketed for the whole journey." His own interest in birds came with mature years—it was for him, he used to say, "much the same as if the birds had just been created, or at least as if they had just been let out of the Ark." No one who is interested in nature is ever bored by having nothing to think about. No matter where he is, there is always something to claim his attention.

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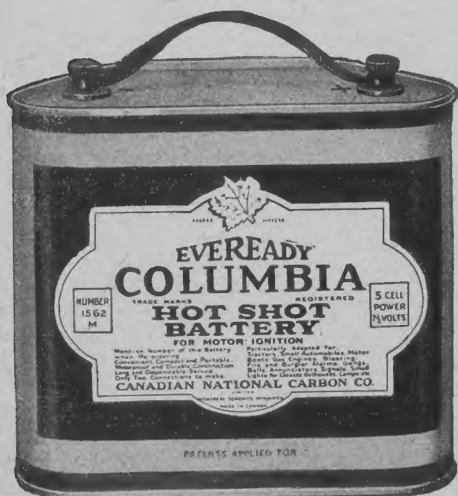
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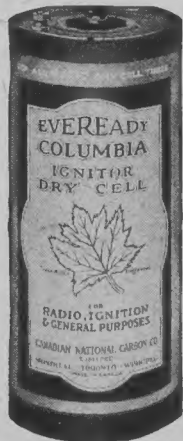
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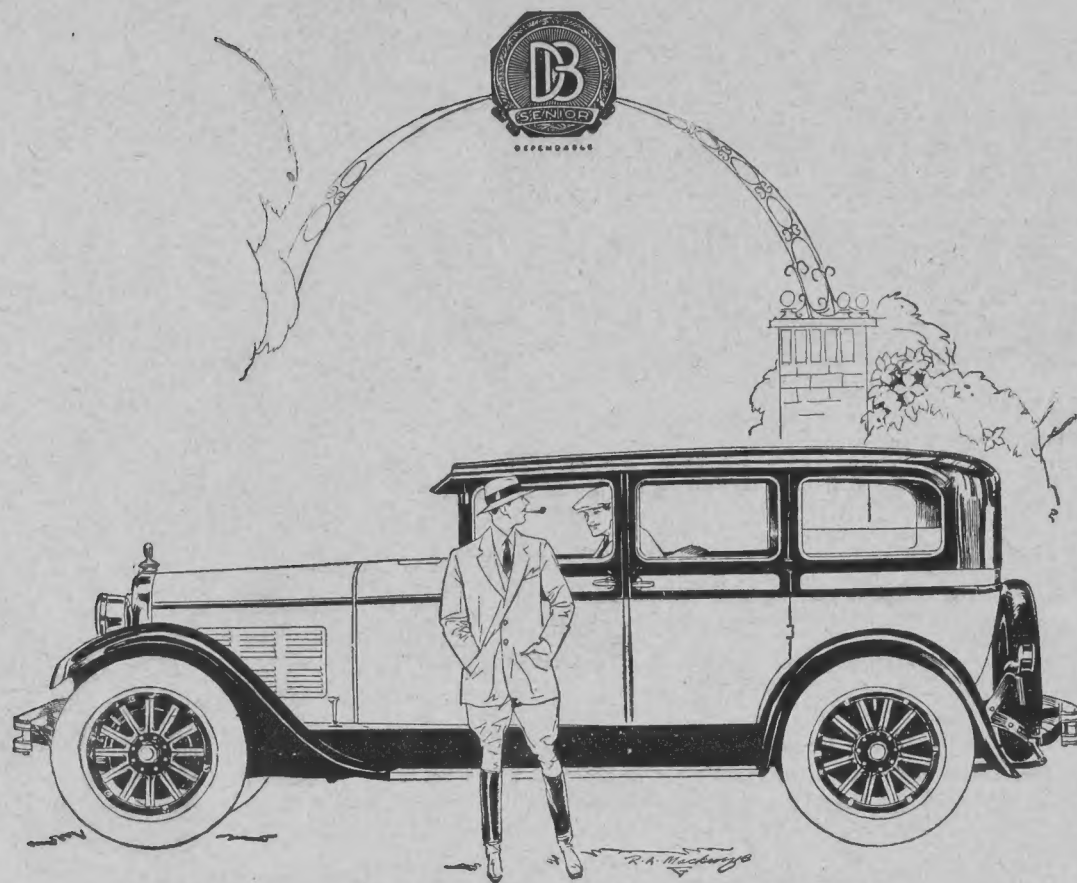


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